

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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THE PROBLEM.

Her life is all one neutral tint;
A cold and quiet gray;
No thunder-cloud nor sunbeam glint
Darkens or cheers her way;
No great events their shadows cast
Across her Present or her Past.

From year to year she patient sips
The tasteless cup of life;
No annals e'en escape her lips
Of blighting care or strife;
And rarely from them falls one word
That would be worthy to record.

She is not old — she is not young —
She works from day to day,
Nor cares for those she dwells among,
And hers — the neighbours say —
A nature neither warm nor cold,
Too soft to carve — too hard to mould.

And yet her face has saddening power,
I seek the cause in vain —
As sometimes, at the twilight hour,
A misty, treeless plain,
With drearier feelings fills the heart,
Than scenes of strife or storm impart.

Kingdoms might fall, and empires quake,
Nations rejoice and groan,
And in her breast no interest wake,
Yet surely I have known
A sound, a scent, a trifling thing,
Search out some memory's hidden spring;

When, slowly rising to her eye,
I see a faint light glow,
And then — I know not how or why —
It must be long ago —
By that pale gleam I read the cost
Of a life's welfare staked and lost!
Chambers's Journal.

EVENING PRAYER.

Now the soft warm gleam uncertain
In the little chamber stays,
On the spotless falling curtain,
By the bedside where she prays :
From the shadow round her kneeling
Slender hands are raised appealing.

Down below the shadow resteth,
O'er blush-alabaster feet,
Simple robe of white investeth
Up to where bows, childlike sweet,
Gentle head in hands half hidden,
Whence the shadow falls forbidden.

From our dusk her hands are lifting,
And the light, in answer bland,
Down her sleek brown tresses drifting,
Seems to smoothen them with a hand --

Solemn hand from forth the splendour,
Where this child hath those that tend her!

These love-tears may cloud my vision;
Yet about this humble room
Do not faces dim, Elysian,
Yearn down o'er her through the gloom ?
Even the shades are glory colder,
Warming softer as they fold her!

So bathe her feet our earth's chill sorrow,
Never cling more dark than this :
From her gentle spirit borrow
Even the hues and warmth of bliss,
While her soul inhales the heaven,
Praying thus at morn and even!

Her, life's darkling pilgrim hailleth :
Mountain forest, haunted nook,
As on high serene she saileth,
Smile beneath her sainted look!
Only worldlings, foul in feeling,
Curse the childlike light revealing,

Spirit music, souls of flowers,
Here luxuriate to shape,
Charming far the baleful powers :
Blessed moment, wherefore 'scape?
Hold her young, so griefless praying,
Hold these tranced eyes from straying!
Athenæum. HON. RODEN NOEL.

FINETTE.

"FINETTE was young, Finette was fair,
And never a lover had she;
Finette she cried in her young despair,
'Twere better we never should be;
The dance will go, and it irks me so,
Here by the lonely tree."

Gerome was hale, but Gerome was pale,
For a lover he fain would be,
And he would not know, though we told him so,
That the maiden he chose was free;
So Gerome he stood in the dusky wood,
And a sorrowful wight was he.

Finette she said, as she raised her head,
'Somebody watches for me.'
Gerome he said, with a lofty head,
'My lady is looking for me.'
Gerome came one, and Finette came two,
Two little steps half way;
Gerome he sighed, and Finette she cried,
But never a tear had they.
The dance is done, but the game is won,
Merrily ends the day."
London Review. SARAH WILLIAMS.

HISTORICAL SKETCHES OF THE REIGN OF
GEORGE II.

NO. X.—THE NOVELIST.

Or all the many branches in which literature flourishes, there is none which has been so widely and universally developed in our own generation as that of fiction. We are informed on all sides that we have made immense progress in positive knowledge of every description; but we can see for ourselves the astonishing progress which has been made in that special track of art, which demands, some people think, the minimum of knowledge, cultivation, or training. It has come to be a common doctrine that everybody can write a novel, just as it used to be that everybody, or rather anybody, might keep a school; and in point of fact, nowadays most people do write novels, with a result which can scarcely be called satisfactory. The art is as old as human nature; and yet it is not so old in its present shape but that we can identify the fountain from which so many springs have flowed. The similitude is one too energetic, too violent, however, for the subject. The modern English novel, which is in everybody's hands nowadays; which gives employment to crowds of workpeople, almost qualifying itself to rank among the great industries of the day; which keeps paper-mills going, and printing-machines, and has its own army of dependants and retainers, as if it were cotton or capital,—the English novel, we say, arose, not with any gush, as from a fountain, but in a certain serene pellucid pool, where a group of pretty smiling eighteenth-century faces, with elaborate "heads," and powder and patches, were wont to mirror themselves in the middle of George II.'s reign; while Pope was singing his melodious couplets, and Chesterfield writing his wonderful letters, and Anson fighting with the winds and seas, and Prince Charlie planning the '45. From all the confused events of which the world was full—bewildering destruction of the old, still more bewildering formation of the new—the spectator turns aside into the quaintest homely quiet, the most domestic, least emotional, of all household scenes, and there finds Samuel Richardson, a good printer, a comfortable, affectionate, fatherly tradesman, kind to everybody about him, and very much applauded by his admiring friends, but with no special marks of genius that any one can see. Other men of far greater personal note breathed the same air with this active, pottering, and virtuous bourgeois; men with good blood in their veins, and gold lace on their coats, and

Greek and Latin at their fingers' end, not to speak of youth, and vivacity, and high spirits, and knowledge of the world. There was Henry Fielding, for instance, writing bad plays, and painfully casting about what to do with his genius. What was he to do with it? having at the same time an ailing wife and little children, burdens which Pegasus can take lightly *en croupe*, when he is aware what he is about, and has his course clear before him, but terrible drawbacks to the stumbling steed which is seeking a path for itself across the untrodden ways. It is impossible to give any sketch of one of the two great novelists of the age without introducing the other. Fielding has a thousand advantages to start with over our homely forefather. He is so genial, so jovial, such a fine gentleman; so high an impulse of life and current of spirit run through his books. His wickednesses are not wicked, but mere accidents—warmth of blood and rapidity of movement carrying him away. And then his knowledge of the world! Richardson's knowledge was only of good sort of people, and secondary *literateurs*, and—women, who are not the world, as everybody knows. This curious distinction of what is life and what is not, which has prevailed so widely since then, probably originated in the eighteenth century; though the observers of the present day might be tempted, in the spirit of an age which inquires into everything, to ask why Covent Garden should teach knowledge of the world more effectually than Salisbury Court, and whether players and debauchees throw more light upon the workings of human nature than honest and reasonable souls,—this is so entirely taken for granted by critics, that it would be in vain to make any stand against so all-prevailing a theory; and yet the question is one which will suggest itself now and then to the unprejudiced. But, notwithstanding the superior knowledge of the world, which gave Fielding an advantage over Richardson—notwithstanding his better acquaintance with polite society, and immensely greater spring and impulse of genius—it was the old printer, and not the young man of the world, who found out the mode of employing his gift. The path once opened was soon filled with many passengers; but to Richardson must be given the credit of having directed the stream towards it and opening the way.

Richardson's personal history is of a kind unique in literature. He had lived half a century in the commonplace world before any one suspected him of the possession of genius. Ordinary duties, commonplace labour, had filled up his fifty years. He had

gone through what it was natural to suppose would be the hardest affliction of a man conscious of an original gift of his own, the printing and publication of much rubbish of other people's, with the greatest patience, and had, to all appearance, occupied himself with his own life without any thought of reproducing its mysteries for the edification of others. He had been respectable and helpful and friendly from his cradle. One of Fielding's biographers declares contemptuously that Richardson "had never known the want of a guinea, or committed an act which the most rigid moralist could censure." It seems the worst accusation that could be brought against him. Neither man nor maid could lay their scath to him. He was a little fussy, a little particular, more than a little vain, but only with that simple vanity which is fed by domestic incense. None of those irregularities which are supposed to belong to genius existed in this homely man. He was diligent in business, plodding even, to all appearance, with a quick eye for his interest, and a soul capable of the most tradesmanlike punctuality and industry. He paid his way, built houses and barns, wrote and spoke a great deal of good-humoured twaddle, and had not one spark of the light which so often leads astray in his commonplace countenance. And yet, strangely enough, when the late blossom came, it was not a humble specimen of a class already known, but something entirely new and original. Had the world been aware that a new development of art was about to come into being, and that it lay between Richardson and Fielding to produce it, who could have for a moment hesitated as to which should be the founder of the new school? The one had every possible stimulus to spur him on; the other no inducement at all, except the promptings of that half-vain, half-benevolent impulse to benefit others which has indeed produced much print but little literature. The triumph of the old fogey over the splendid young adventurer is complete in every particular. It may be said that Richardson did not mean it, but that in no way detracts from the glory of his originality. Shakespeare probably did not mean it either. While the young man, torn with a thousand cares, tried ineffectual hackneyed ways of working, such as every needy wit resorted to — poor comedies in the taste of the day, inferior even to the previously exciting rubbish, and utterly unworthy of his own powers — the humdrum old printer glided calmly into the undiscovered path which was to bring fame to both of them.

Very seldom is it in this world that the old fogey triumphs. Yonth gets the better of him at every turn. Even when he is a hero, with a fine past behind him, he is thrust into a corner to leave room for his grandson, while yet the springs of life are undiminished. We all allow, with a certain fond adoration, that nothing is too good for youth, and enjoy it over again in our children, or cling to it frantically in our own persons, as circumstances or temperament ordain, with the strangest pathetic superstition. It has the cream of everything — health and favour, and success and congratulation. But once in a way, when fifty beats five-and-twenty, may not the rest of us be allowed the unusual luxury of a cheer?

Richardson was born in 1689, in Derbyshire. "My father," he says, "was a very honest man, descended of a family of middling note. My mother was also a good woman, of a family not ungentle." These mild protestations of gentility, however, do not seem to have moved the good man farther. He makes no attempt to envelop his progenitors in fictitious dignity as Pope did, but acknowledges the tradesmanship of his immediate connections. It was intended that he should be brought up to the Church — a phrase which bore a very different meaning in those days and in our own. Had the intention been carried out, Richardson probably would have become one of the poor curates who are revealed to us in his own, and more distinctly in Fielding's works — good men, who took a horn of ale in the kitchen, whose chief means of communicating with the squire or his lady was through "the waiting gentlewoman," herself a curate's daughter. That he had "only common school learning," and at fifteen chose a business, was no doubt a great deal better for Samuel, as well as for his future readers. He describes himself as being "not fond of play," and of being called Serious and Gravity by the other boys, who, however, sought his society as a teller of stories, some of which were from his memory, but others, "of which they would be most fond, and often were affected by them," of his own invention. "All my stories carried with them, I am bold to say, a useful moral," says the virtuous romancer. And we may be sure they did; for whatever may be the objection of the precocious modern child to an over-demonstrative moral, there can be no doubt that stern poetic justice, and the most rigid awards of morality, are always most congenial to the primitive intelligence. It was not only schoolboys, how-

ever, who benefited by his moralities. The following incident shows the lad in a more curious light:—

“From my earliest youth I had a love of letter-writing. I was not eleven years old when I wrote, spontaneously, a letter to a widow of near fifty, who, pretending to a zeal for religion, and being a constant frequenter of church ordinances, was continually fomenting quarrels and disturbances, by backbiting and scandal, among all her acquaintance. I collected from the Scripture texts that made against her. Assuming the style and address of a person in years, I exhorted her, I expostulated with her. But my handwriting was known. I was challenged with it, and owned the boldness; for she complained of it to my mother with tears. My mother chid me for the freedom taken by such a boy with a woman of her years; but knowing that her son was not of a pert or forward nature, but, on the contrary, shy and bashful, she commended my principles, though she censured the liberty taken.”

A certain delicious air of self-satisfaction in this narrative shows plainly enough that the mature moralist, in the height of his fame, approved, and was on the whole somewhat proud, of these doings of the baby prig. The little monster, we believe, might even now be matched in here and there a virtuous Low Church household. The reader will recollect a set of American novels, much *repandu* some fifteen or twenty years ago, in which the creature flourishes, and is not “chid” but adored for its pious impudence. Pleasanter incidents, however, are in the life of this droll little precocious adviser and sage. It is clear that he was born with an old head upon his young shoulders, and his success was great among women—a “success” of a character curiously out of tune with the manners of the time, and at which critics, born conservators of the sneers of all the ages, continue to jeer, notwithstanding that the cycle has run round again, and a Platonic counsellor of womankind has once more become a favourite character in life and fiction. Here is a companion picture of a much more agreeable kind:—

“As a bashful and not forward boy, I was an early favourite with all the young women of taste and reading in the neighbourhood. Half-a-dozen of them, when met to work with their needles, used, when they got a book they liked, and thought I should, to borrow me to read to them, their mothers sometimes with them, and both mothers and daughters used to be pleased with the observations they put me upon making.”

“I was not more than thirteen, when three of these young women, unknown to each other, having a high opinion of my taciturnity, re-

vealed to me their love-secrets, in order to induce me to give them copies to write after, or correct, for answers to their lovers’ letters; nor did any one of them ever know that I was the secretary to the others. I have been directed to chide, and even repulse, when an offence was either taken or given, at the very time that the heart of the chider or repulser was open before me, overflowing with esteem and affection, and the fair repulser, dreading to be taken at her word, directing *this* word, or *that* expression, to be softened or changed. One, highly gratified with her lover’s fervour and vows of everlasting love, has said, when I have asked her direction, ‘I cannot tell you what to write; but (her heart on her lips), you cannot write too kindly;’ all her fear was only that she should incur slight for her kindness.”

Never was a more distinct foreshadowing of the life to come. The quaint urchin, in his little coat and breeches, a wise little undergrown old man making his comments with the infinite complacency of precocious childhood, keeping the young women’s secrets, knitting his soft brows over the composition of their love-letters, ready, no doubt, to go to the stake rather than betray one of his confiding friends, is a picture full of humour and a pleasant sentiment. If it were not that it is the fashion to sneer at Richardson, one would say, indeed, that there could scarcely be a prettier picture. It is not, of course, the ordinary ideal of a boy of thirteen; but yet it is indisputable that there is a kind of man for whom, from his childhood, the society and confidence of women has an irresistible charm; and that such a man is by no means of necessity a milksop, as society in general is good enough to suppose. This character, it is evident, showed itself in the future novelist at the earliest possible period, and as his life developed it made itself more and more apparent. There are many reasons which strengthen this tendency when it exists in the mind of a man in Richardson’s position. He was without education, and yet striving for the best results of education, if we may venture on such an expression. Books, and discussions about books, and that heavenly art of conversation which every intelligent inexperienced being expects to find in society, were to this lowly lad the greatest things on earth. And where was he to attain any semblance of these delightful discussions—that feast of reason and flow of soul of which he dreamt—except among women? Women are very badly educated, everybody says, and everybody has said it from the remotest antiquity,—and it is very wrong indeed that such a state of affairs should continue to go on as it has gone on for several thousand years;

and therefore it is most right and just to institute ladies' colleges, and courses of lectures, and university examinations. But yet the fact is that, so far as talk is concerned, the sisters of the boy upon whom we are spending heaps of money at Eton and Oxford, are not only much pleasanter to talk to, but very much more ready and better qualified in many instances to take a part in those mild intellectual encounters, those little incursions over the borders of metaphysics, discussions of motives, sentiments, cases of conscience, points of social honour, which are the most prolific subjects of conversation, than—not only their brother, but their brother's tutor, and all the learned community to which he belongs. Mr. Helps, in his 'Friends in Council,' and all the remote descendants of that popular work, reduces his feminine interlocutors to a very small share in the talk; but had the talk been real, the chances are it would have been they, and not Ellesmere or Milverton, who had the lion's share. Among themselves, women discuss such subjects. And so long as there remains a prejudice in favour of Shakespeare and the musical glasses as subjects of refined conversation, men in Richardson's position, painfully climbing the social ladder, will always find their best aids in the help and guidance of women. Had the young novelist attempted to read or elicit any sympathy about his books from the boors in the village alehouse, what a downfall would his have been! But their sisters in the mantuamaker's parlour responded by nature to any fine sentiment or case of delicate distress. It was no doubt of as much importance to Richardson that he thus came in contact with the young women and their love-letters, instead of the village wits in the alehouse, as it is of importance to a freshman at Oxford to begin his course under the auspices of a good or a bad "set."

In the year 1706, Richardson began his active life as apprentice to a printer. "He thought it would gratify his thirst for reading," says Mrs. Barbauld; an interpretation of the motives of a "devil" which ought to make authors in general benevolent towards the imp. But the young printer did not find the facilities he had hoped for. His master naturally wanted him to work, and not to read; and he had to steal from sleep and amusement the time which he felt himself bound to devote to the improvement of his mind. He "engaged in a correspondence with a gentleman greatly my superior in degree, and of ample fortune, who, had

he lived, intended high things for me," he informs us. Who this mythical personage was, or how the 'prentice had become acquainted with him, no information is given. But "multitudes of letters," says Richardson, "passed between this gentleman and me. He wrote well—was a master of the epistolary style. Our subjects were various; but his letters were mostly narrative, giving me an account of his proceedings and what befell him in the different nations through which he travelled." This romantic episode of his youth, which looks very much as if it might belong to the fabulous era which occurs in most men's history, was terminated by the early death of "the gentleman," and henceforward nothing but sober prose occurs in the narrative. Richardson served out his apprenticeship, worked five or six years as a compositor, and finally set up for himself in a court in Fleet Street. He must have been a man about thirty when he thus ventured to try his individual fortune. Everything had evidently gone with him in the soberest, most methodical way. No exaggerated good luck nor superlative energy had been his. A few years later he became the publisher of the 'True Briton,' one of the factious newspapers of the time; and subsequently two or three other papers passed through his hands. Like a true London 'prentice, he married his master's daughter—a step which no doubt promoted his modest fortunes; and on her death, married again the daughter of a bookseller at Bath—keeping his affections strictly within the trade. An acquaintance with the Speaker of the House of Commons, Mr. Onslow, procured him the printing of the Journals of the House, in twenty-six folio volumes: a work in which there was apparently more honour than profit, since he complains to one of his correspondents that he had never yet had payment, "no, not to the value of a shilling, though the debt is upwards of three thousand pounds." But it is clear that the man who could be the nation's creditor to the extent of three thousand pounds must have thriven in his affairs. He had a large family of sons and daughters, most of whom he lost in infancy—a house in the country near Hammersmith,—and all the comforts of a well-to-do and thriving citizen. In this pleasant, unexciting routine of busy life, working hard early and late, yet taking his leisure and seeing his friends, fifty years of Richardson's life were spent. He had his trials and his joys like the rest of us; but nothing occurred to distinguish him from any other printer in the trade, except, perhaps, a knack he had of compiling indices,

writing prefaces, and doing other humble necessary accidental jobs in the launching of a book into the world. This knack, towards the year 1740, suggested to some enterprising publishers the idea of a homely little work, such as might be "useful" to the ignorant. The account of this suggestion, however, had better be given in Richardson's own words:—

"Two booksellers, my particular friends, entreated me to write for them a little volume of letters, in a common style, on such subjects as might be of use to those country readers who were unable to indite for themselves. 'Will it be any harm,' said I, 'in a piece you want to be written so low, if we should instruct them how they should think and act in common cases, as well as indite?' They were the more urgent with me to begin the little volume from this hint. I set about it, and in the progress of it, writing two or three letters to instruct handsome girls, who were obliged to go out to service, as we phrase it, how to avoid the snares that might be laid against their virtue, the above story (one of structure somewhat similar to that of 'Pamela') recurred to my thoughts."

From this slight origin sprang a whole world of literary efforts, and some of the most notable books in the English language. Nothing can be more characteristic of the man who no more suspected himself of possessing that strange light of genius within his humdrum individuality than the whole world did. What the fatherly good soul meant was to assume in print the rôle which he had evidently come to by nature in the ordinary intercourse of life. He had daughters of his own, and preferred—"I do not blush," he says "to confess it," the society of women; and what more just than that, when the pen was thus put into his hand, he should employ it in warning young women against those snares of which the world was full? In the simplest good faith the *bonhomme* began his homely labours. There is no touch of inspiration, no thrill of poetic frenzy, about the matter. A little pleasant natural complacency, something of that unctuous amiability which characterizes the giver of good advice, a little fuss, a pleasant excitement, and flutter of interest in the dutiful feminine household. Thus 'Pamela' came into the world. Richardson was over fifty by this time. He had all the settled habits of a punctual tradesman, and of a man early married and long habituated to the calm yoke of domestic life. His first critics were his wife and a young lady visitor, who "used to come to my little closet every night with, 'Have you any more of "Pamela," Mr. R.?"—we are come to have a little more of "Pamela." This

encouraged me to prosecute it," says the unconscious novelist. But so little was he aware of any special merit in his work, that "I had not the courage," he tells his friend Aaron Hill, "to send the two volumes to your ladies, until I found the books well received by the public." "I had no leisure," he adds, to another correspondent, "nor knew I that I had so much invention, till I almost accidentally slid into the writing of 'Pamela.' And besides, little did I imagine that anything I could write would be so kindly received as my writings have been by the world."

The story is sufficiently well known to want little description; and at the same time it is so completely contrary to the taste of the present age, that it is with difficulty that we can comprehend the wild plaudits with which it seems to have been received. That young women should be taught to guard their "virtue," and yet that the brutal squire who permitted himself all kinds of attempts upon it was, after all, not such an offender but that he might be pardoned when his "intentions" became "honourable," and married and made very happy ever after, is the astounding sentiment of the eighteenth century as expressed in 'Pamela.' Those letters which the virtuous papa, in all the domestic purity of his slippers and his closet, read to his "worthy-hearted wife" and her young lady friend, and which were written with the intention of turning "young people into a course of reading. . . which might tend to promote the cause of religion and virtue," abound in nauseous details as explicit as the frankest of French novels. To be sure, Pamela is spotless; and there is no dangerous seduction of sentiment to confound the reader's sense of right and wrong; but it does not seem to occur to the author that his heroine's delicacy of mind is in the slightest degree impaired by the assaults made upon her, or that the coarse contest is anything but a sublime trial and victory of feminine purity. Such, there is no doubt, was to a great extent the sentiment of the age. "Why is old Lady So-and-So's staff like 'Pamela'?" said a pretty wit, in her patches and powder. "Because it is the prop of virtue!" Perhaps we are not so much better in reality as we think ourselves—for is not the sensation novel a resurrection of nastiness?—but yet we have advanced a little in our ideal of virtue and its props. No doubts on the subject, however, seem to have troubled the satisfaction of Pamela's original audience. The book was published anonymously in the year 1740. "It was received," says Mrs. Barbauld,

"with a burst of applause from all ranks of people." Its tendency was considered so excellent that popular divines recommended it from the pulpit. Ladies at Ranelagh, in the height of gaiety and fashion, held up the slim volumes to each other "to show they had got the book that every one was talking of." "Mr. Pope says it will do more good than many volumes of sermons. I have heard them (Pope and Allen) very high in its praises, and they will not have any faults to be mentioned in the story. I believe they have read it twice apiece at least," says Richardson's brother-in-law. "Mr. Chetwynd says," adds the same authority, "that if all other books were to be burnt, this book, next to the Bible, ought to be preserved." Other enthusiastic contemporaries declare it to be "the best book ever published."

"I opened this powerful little piece," says Aaron Hill, while still unaware, or affecting to be unaware, of its authorship, "with more expectation than from common designs of like promise, because it came from your hands for my daughters; yet who could have dreamed he would find, under the modest disguise of a novel, all the soul of religion, good-breeding, discretion, good-nature, wit, fancy, fine thoughts, and morality? . . . It will live on through posterity with such unbounded extent of good consequences that twenty ages to come may be the better and wiser for its influence."

Such was the reception afforded to a book which nowadays we should consider of very doubtful tendency, and upon which the most enthusiastic admirer would certainly never think of bringing up his son to virtue, as one of Richardson's admirers proposes. A still greater compliment was in reserve for it. Fielding, with a curious mixture of contempt and imitation, wrote his 'Joseph Andrews' avowedly as a parody upon, and trenchant satire of, the Waiting Gentlewoman, who had carried her purity to so good a market. The state of feeling which could permit such a proceeding is happily incomprehensible to ourselves. It is said the two men had been on good terms before, though there never could have been much friendship, one would imagine, between the struggling playright afloat amid all the dissipations of town, the ruined squire, with the best of blood in his veins but not a shilling in his pocket—and the orderly sober citizen, warm and well-to-do, whose virtues and failings were alike respectable. Nobody except Richardson himself, who felt it deeply, seems to have considered that there was anything derogatory to the dignity of genius in this curious parody and adapta-

tion. The spiteful meaning has all evaporated by process of time; and perhaps the highest claim of 'Pamela' to consideration now is, that it was the occasion of producing another work of quality much less mortal than itself. Fielding pays the *kain* or toll to the devil—which seems to have been exacted from that age, as it was from the medieval artificers, who built bridges and founded cities by the help of the Evil One—with a certain jovial readiness. But disgusting as are his preliminary chapters, we are not sure that they are really worse than Pamela's elaborate defence and detailed account of her various dangers; and Richardson has nothing which can compare with the conception of Parson Adams. This wonderful, simple, patriarchal, wise, and innocent and foolish priest—with his learning and his absence of mind, his tender heart, his spotless character, his sympathy and severity—is one of the first and finest figures in that gallery of worthies which has since expanded so widely. He stands between Sir Roger de Coverley and Uncle Toby, one of the earliest of those matchless pictures, made with a smile on the lip and a tear in the eye, which enrich English literature. And there are few greater marvels in literary history than the fact that such a conception was brought into the world, in the first place, by a rival's spiteful impatience of public approbation as shown to the author of the pioneer story—the novel which had sounded the waters, and made the chart, and opened the dangerous yet triumphant way. Thanks to that alchemy of genius which works the base alloy out of the gold unawares, and defeats even its own evil motives when once its splendid activity is fully got to work, Fielding's book, which began in malice and filthiness, rapidly cleared into a real masterpiece of art. A greater compliment could not have been paid to Pamela. 'It is the grand distinction of that pretty, voluminous, simple, and prudent maiden.

The story was translated almost immediately into English and *Dutch*—that language, now so unknown, being then the familiar tongue of our closest allies. And it produced for Richardson a crowd of correspondents, and fame which was entirely beyond his expectations. A spurious continuation, called 'Pamela in High Life,' was published shortly after, and led the author to give forth two additional volumes, which, however, have fallen into utter oblivion. Warburton advised him, in his own name and that of Pope, to "make it a vehicle for satires upon the fashions and follies of the Great World, by representing the light in

which they would appear to the rustic Pamela when she was introduced to them." But satire was not Richardson's forte; and the continuation of Pamela is as dead as any of the other secondary novels of the day.

After this curious blaze of sudden excitement and success, quiet fell once more upon the printing-office, with the printer's house over it, in Salisbury Court, and over the pleasanter home at Hammersmith. The good tradesman went back to his business; he opened his house hospitably to his intimates; he wrote his little letters, full of a soft purr of satisfaction and content. He was pleased with himself, pleased with his friends, and perhaps felt that the world itself could scarcely be so wicked, since 'Pamela' had so lively a reception in it. The kindly simple heart of the man is very well expressed in his letters, notwithstanding this purring of complacency. When he hears that one of his friends has an unwholesome residence, and is subject to perpetual illness in it, he puts his own country-house immediately at that friend's disposal. He sends the young ladies copies of 'Pamela,' and toy-books for the children. With a softer instinct still he consoles a dissatisfied poet over the apparent failure of his works. "Your writings require thought to read and to take in their whole force, and the world has no thought to bestow. I do not think," he adds, as so many benevolent critics have said with the same object, "that, were Milton's 'Paradise Lost' to be now published as a new work, it would be well received. Shakespeare, with all his beauties, would, as a modern writer, be hissed off the stage." Everything he says is full of the same good-nature and bland patriarchal kindness. Success evidently had nothing but a softening effect upon him. The only touch of bitterness in all the six not over-lively volumes of his correspondence is directed against Fielding, of whom he speaks with a certain acrid offence which is quite comprehensible, to say the least.

In this quietness, his biographer tells us, eight years were passed without any further appeal to popular sympathy and admiration. But the interval was not one of idleness. Within a year or two of his first publication, the plan of 'Clarissa' seems to have so far ripened in his mind that his correspondents were informed of it. In 1774 he informs Dr. Young (of the 'Night Thoughts') that "I have not gone so far as I thought to have done by this time; and then the unexpected success which attended the other thing," he adds, "instead of encouraging me, has made me more diffident. And I have run to such an egregious length, and

am such a sorry pruner, though greatly luxuriant, that I am apt to add three pages for one I take away! Altogether I am frequently out of conceit with it." But still the work went on. It gave all his friends a subject to write about, and added a zest to his homely life. During those tranquil passing years, which seem to go like so many days (the time of the '45, when Scotland was being rent in sunder, and Charles Edward going through his martyrdom, and the Scots lords being beheaded and quartered almost under the eyes of our placid novelist!) Richardson, in his snug closet, after his day's work, went on slowly elaborating his story. Some parts of it appear to have been sent before publication for the criticism of his friends at a distance; and it was regularly read and submitted to the judgment of his home circle, which included a varying number of young ladies who seem to have been in the habit of paying long visits at his hospitable house, and whom he called his daughters, and corresponded with in the most voluminous and sprightly manner.

"He used to write in a little summer-house or grotto, as it was called, within his garden, before the family was up; and when they met at breakfast he communicated the progress of his story, which by that means had every day a fresh and lively interest. Then began the criticisms, the pleadings for Harriet Byron or Clementina; every turn and every incident was eagerly canvassed, and the author enjoyed the benefit of knowing beforehand how his situations would strike."

One of the members of this little conclave thus describes the scene; "The grot, the garden," she exclaims, "rush upon my view"—

"And then a choir of listening nymphs appears
Oppressed with wonder, or dissolved in tears,
But on her tender fears while Harriet dwells,
And love's soft symptoms innocently tells,
They all with conscious smiles these symptoms
view,
And by those conscious smiles confess them
true."

The patriarch himself gives, however, a description of this pretty domestic life from a point of view less reverential and more consistent with the light-mindedness which is common, we fear, to young womankind.

"I never knew one of you girls," he complains playfully, "put out of your course for the pleasure of the poor man, whom, nevertheless, you profess to honour. His leisure time is generally in a morning. Did ever any one of you rise an hour sooner in favour to him? You were never visible till the breakfast-table had been

spread half an hour. A little arm-in-arm turn in the garden after that was necessary to relate your dreams and give account of your night's rest; change of dress came next; then dinner-time approached; then retired to write (till the dinner-bell summoned you), one to one absent favourite, one to another, as love, or duty, or both induced. After dinner a conversation that could not but be agreeable; but dinner-time conversations are seldom other than occasional prattlings on vague subjects: attendance of servants will not permit them to be more. Some charming opportunities talked of by-and-by for reading and conversing. The day we will suppose fine. Your Highmore cannot bear to be confined within the house or garden walls. She throws out her temptations for a walk where she can see and be seen. All the girls accompany her. Nobody must read or be read to till the walkers return. The man of the house is invited to dangle after them; not for an escort — they fear nothing. He, aware of his little consequence to them in their walk, stays frequently at home; gives directions to his gardener; and is but just got up-stairs to his writing (I should now rather say *reading*) desk, when the gypsies' return is signified to him by the call of the tea-bell. Down he must go; for why? They are at leisure to expect him. Down goes the passive . . . Fresh promises to themselves of reading-time. The honest man, who is to be taken up and laid down as they please, is asked if he will not read to them by-and-by. He passively bows: the rather signifies compliance, as the opportunity for the book and his employment is yet at a distance. At last, however (the tea offices all over), they assemble at one large table; one goes to ruffle-making; one to border-making; one to muslin-flowering; one to drawing; and then the passive man is called to his lesson. He is often interrupted by supper preparations. At last the cloth is laid, all the important works are bagged up; each lady looks pleased and satisfied with her part so well performed of the duties of the day."

But whether listened to with breathless and weeping interest at breakfast, or interjected as an accompaniment to the ruffle-making and muslin-flowering between tea and supper, the gregarious good soul, in his simple vanity, read his book to the girls, collected their impetuous youthful opinions, and himself learned to believe in his own characters, as they grew into actual personages in the lively discussions of the house. And thus was produced the history of 'Clarissa,' a book which after lying buried for years in "gentlemen's libraries," has lately been republished, and reintroduced to popular notice. A more remarkable book has never been written; and when the character of the author, and his age, and all the circumstances that have just been described, are taken into considera-

tion, the reader cannot but feel that the production is unique in literature. The story of a pretty and good girl involved in the mazes of a long courtship, full of sweet sentiments and tender morality — with very black shadows kept respectfully away from her, and never allowed to cloud the white light in which she stands — with a womanish perfection of a lover, and a gradual ascension out of difficulty into the height of blessedness — is the kind of narrative which was to have been expected. Indeed, the succeeding history of 'Sir Charles Grandison' fulfils almost all the requirements of the situation, and feels something like the natural production of the humble optimist and his little court. But 'Clarissa' is nothing of all this. The book is long-winded, sometimes tedious, overlaid with moralizings, and full of improbabilities; and yet it is one of the finest tragic efforts of genius — a book which by times touches upon the borders of the sublime.

We are under the disadvantage, at the present moment, of coming in, as it were, at the end of a tolerably lively discussion raised by Mr. Dallas's late republication of this remarkable book. No work, perhaps, has ever called forth a greater diversity of opinion. To some critics the story is at once disgusting and improbable, tedious to the last degree, forced and unnatural in its effects, of the most artificial construction. To these objections Richardson's warmest admirer cannot answer with a decided negative. The story in its chief point is revolting, and the book is prolix beyond all modern conception of the word; and yet it seems difficult to believe that any reader, once fairly entered upon it — "infected," to use Macaulay's forcible but disagreeable expression — could give it up again until he came to the end, or could accompany the heroine through her extraordinary humiliation and triumph without tears. The story turns upon a crime so brutal and cowardly that it is quite beyond any possible gloss of sentiment. Once more, it is female virtue that is assailed — the theme, apparently, of all others most familiar to the age — but nothing can be more unlike the rustic resistance and servile gratitude of Pamela than this strange duel to the death between the man and the woman, in which a hundred typical strifes might be embodied. Clarissa herself is such a type of character as could have been sent forth only by a man habituated to the society of women, and to look upon things very much from their point of view. She is a delicate creature, whose heart has but begun faintly to awaken to any conception of love or

individual inclination when she is suddenly frozen back into herself, into the chill unopened bud of her life, by such a horror as is sufficient to congeal the young blood in its very fountain. Her soft insensibility to any contagion of passion—the shrinking, faint, easily relinquished preference which is all she is ever made to feel for her destroyer—is brought as an accusation against the perfection of her womanhood. But the critics who do so have not taken the trouble to think that it was a woman in the bud whom Richardson intended to draw—a creature forced into extraordinary development, it is true, but warped by the very influences which urged her life into pathetic blossom, out of that warm and tender sweetness which comes by the natural agency of bright sunshine and common rain. Her heart had begun, as we have said, softly, unawares, to turn towards the man who pretended to love her, with that shy, sweet, gradual impulsion which is one of the most beautiful things in nature. Her eyes and her heart were being drawn to him modestly and maidenly, in a tenderness half acknowledged, half denied, even to himself; when Fate seized upon the innocent creature, wrapt her in its fatal web, arrested in the first place the rising fancy, chilled and withered it by doubts and fears; and then, by a sudden violent revulsion, closed up the opening bud, with all its fairy colours, and forced forward the pale splendour of despair, chill maiden flower, stealing every hue of colour and perfume of life out of its exquisite climax of sorrow and decay. No man less acquainted with all the secret unseen sweetness of a girl's heart—its brooding over itself, its soft reluctance, its delight in the hesitations and tender delays which irritate passion into frenzy—could have drawn the early *Clarissa*, so passionless and dutiful, exacting nothing but the right to reject a repugnant suitor, and ready to make a sacrifice of the soft beginnings of liking in her heart, if her parents would have but accepted that pure yet painful offering. Then, when this morning light fades—when the helpless creature is caught into the vortex which is to swallow her up—the reader can see the chill that comes upon the opening flower, can see the soft virginal husks closing up over the arrested bud; and then the drooping and the fading, and sudden bursting forth by its side of the other development, which is so different, so consistent and inconsistent with the first promise of the outraged life. The conception stands by itself amid all the conceptions of genius. No Greek, no Italian, no English poet has painted such a figure in

the great picture-gallery which is common to the world. Neither ancient nor modern woman has ever stood before us thus pale and splendid in the shame which is not hers, sweet soul, though it kills her. Almost every other victim shrinks and burns with the stain of her own fault; and even *Lucretia* herself, if more awful, is less womanly, less tender, less sweet, than the maiden creature in whom nature and religion reassert their rights after the first moment of frenzy; who calls for no vengeance, and can accept no expiation, and dies smiling, of no external wound, but only by the deadly puncture of the shame itself, making all other daggers unnecessary. How it came about that a homely soul like that of Richardson, amid the flutter of his pretty fresh companions—the girls that frequented his gardens like so many doves—could have fallen upon the tragic ideal, is a very different matter. His earlier and later works are both quite comprehensible, and in harmony with the circumstances; but what unthought-of inspiration made the good man capable of *Clarissa*, is a question which we do not attempt to answer. In the quaint prosaic garments with which his prolix style has invested her—in the artificial yet not ungraceful costume of the age, the “pale primrose-coloured paduasoy,” the Brussels lace cap, the apron of flowered lawn, all set forth with the liveliest realism—it is a virgin-martyr, a poetic visionary being, one of the few original types of art, which we have here before us. Not *Desdemona*, not *Imogen*, is of herself a more tender creation. They are so much the more fortunate that it is immortal verse that clothes them. *Clarissa*, for her part, has but a garrulous and pottering expositor, but in her own person she is divine.

We repeat, and with all the strength of conviction, that the highest poetic creation of the age is this one matchless figure. It was inherently a prosaic age, and Richardson was prose itself. If spiritual science had so far advanced in these days as to make it possible that the shade of Shakespeare could have breathed this conception into him, leaving the sexagenarian with stammering lips and tedious tongue to evolve the tender mystery, it would be a feasible sort of explanation. The jewel is clumsily cut, and set in his own way in the heaviest old-fashioned setting, but it is a diamond of the purest water,—and where did he find it? The astonished spectator, looking at him and his surroundings, and at the wonderful work just issued out of his commonplace hands, can but echo the question. *Sophia Western* is a pretty crea-

ture, a sweet sketch of the surface and outside of a woman; but she can no more stand within the charmed niche that encloses *Clarissa*, than can *Harriet Byron* or any other conventional heroine. Such a creature exists by her own right, and is not the fruit of observation, or study, or knowledge of the world. She lives, as *Miranda* does, in the island, owing nothing to earth and all to heaven. Not a woman of her generation is half so true to nature; and now that most of the women of her generation are dead and buried, *Clarissa* lives, still surprising the warm tears of youth out of world-worn eyes.

The first half of this wonderful book was published some time before the concluding volumes; and nothing can be more amusing than the storm of entreaty, remonstrance, even threats, with which the author was overwhelmed if he should venture to pursue his inexorable purpose. On second thoughts, *Clarissa*, strange as it appears, must have been *Richardson's* lawful offspring, and not a heavenly changeling brought to him by *Shakespeare's* shade. The steadiness with which he resists all persuasion, his obstinate maintenance of his own ideal in the face of a hundred angry critics, is as clear a proof of his paternity as was *Solomon's* test. He will not have his child mangled by any profane touch, nor desecrate her by vulgar makings-up or impossible recovery, such as were in keeping with the character of a *Pamela*. The urgency and seriousness of the appeals made to him show the extraordinary impression made on his contemporaries, and would be ludicrous in their fervour to any one who had not fallen under the enchantment of the story. *Lady Bradshaigh*, who was unknown to him at the time, though afterwards one of his closest correspondents, writes to him as follows, with the earnestness of a petitioner for life:—

"I am pressed, sir, by a multitude of your admirers to plead in behalf of your amiable *Clarissa*. Having too much reason, from hints given in your four volumes, from a certain advertisement, and from your forbearing to write, after promising all endeavours should be used towards satisfying the discontented—from all these, I say, I have but too much reason to apprehend a fatal catastrophe. I have heard that some of your advisers who delight in horror (detestable wretches!) insisted upon rapes, ruin, and destruction; others, who feel for the virtuous in distress (blessings for ever attend them!) pleaded for the contrary. Could you be deaf to these and comply with those? . . . It is not murder or any other horrid act, but the preced-

ing distresses which touch and raise the passions of those at least whom an author would wish to please, supposing him to be such a one as I take you to be. Therefore, sir, after you have brought the divine *Clarissa* to the very brink of destruction, let me entreat (may I say insist upon) a turn that will make your almost despairing readers half mad with joy. I know you cannot help doing it to give yourself satisfaction, for I pretend to know your heart so well that you must think it a crime never to be forgiven, to leave vice triumphant and virtue depressed. . . . If you disappoint me, attend to my curse—May the hatred of all the young, beautiful, and virtuous for ever be your portion! and may your eyes never behold anything but age and deformity! May you meet with applause only from envious old maids, surly bachelors, and tyrannical parents! May you be doomed to the company of such! and, after death, may their ugly souls haunt you! Now, make *Lovelace* and *Clarissa* unhappy if you dare!"

The same lady, continuing her remonstrances (which she does at a length and with a fluency which makes the prodigious correspondence of *Richardson's* heroines a trifle less incredible) makes use of stronger and stronger arguments. "Sure you will think it worth your while to save his soul, sir," she cries, pleading for the reformation of *Lovelace*. "It is too shocking and barbarous a story for publication!" she exclaims, when another volume has made her acquainted with the worst that can happen. "My hand trembles, for I can scarce hold the pen. I am as mad as the poor injured *Clarissa*." Another anonymous correspondent declares: "Since I have heard that you design the end shall be unhappy, I am determined to read no more. I should read the account of her death with as much anguish of mind as I should feel at the loss of my dearest friend." *Cibber*, in theatrical fervour, on being informed that *Richardson* intended his heroine to die, shouts—"D—n him if she should!" and asks whether he is to be expected to stand a patient observer of her ruin? In the face of all this hubbub of remonstrance, the author persevered with a steady firmness, quite unlike his ordinary complaisant amiability. He gives his reasons for so doing at length in his letters to *Lady Bradshaigh*, with as much gravity and seriousness as distinguishes the appeal to him. If it had concerned the life of some one condemned to die, the matter could not be more solemnly discussed. It is evident that he considers it as a matter of course that all the world should be serious over such a question. He replies to his correspondent's appeal in the following serious strain:—

"What, madam, is the temporary happiness we are so fond of? What the long life we are so apt to covet? The more irksome these reflections are to the young, the gay, and the wealthy, the more necessary are they to be inculcated.

'A verse may find him who a sermon flies,
And turn delight into a sacrifice.'

"Of this nature is my design. Religion never was at so low an ebb as at present. And if my work must be supposed of the moral kind, I was willing to try if a religious novel would do good. And did you not perceive that, in the very first letter of *Lovelace*, all those seeds of wickedness were thick sown which sprouted up into action afterwards in his character—pride, revenge, a love of intrigue, plot, contrivance? And who is it that asks, *Do men gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles?* . . . And as to reforming and marrying *Lovelace*, and the example to be given by it, what but this that follows would it have been, instead of the amiable one your goodness and humanity point out. 'Here,' says another *Lovelace*, 'may I pass the flower and prime of my youth in forming and pursuing the most insidious enterprises. . . . I may at last meet with and attempt a *Clarissa*, a lady of priceless virtue. I may try her, vex her, plague and torment her worthy heart. I may fit up all my batteries against her virtue; and if I find her proof against all my machinations, and myself tired with rambling, I may then reward that virtue; I may graciously extend my hand; she may give me hers, and rejoice and thank heaven for my condescension in her favour. The Almighty I may suppose at the same time to be as ready with His mercy, foregoing His justice on my past crimes, as if my nuptials with this meritorious fair one were to atone for the numerous distresses and ruins I have occasioned in other families; and all the good-natured, the worthy, the humane part of the world forgiving me too, because I am a handsome and a humorous fellow, will clap their hands with joy and cry out—

'Happy, happy, happy pair,
None but the brave deserve the fair.'

"Indeed, my dear madam" (he adds in a following letter, with increasing solemnity), "I could not think of leaving my heroine short of heaven. . . . A writer who follows nature and pretends to keep the Christian system in his eye, cannot make a heaven in this world for his favourites, or represent this life otherwise than as a state of probation. *Clarissa*, I once more aver, could not be rewarded in this world. To have given her her reward here, as in a happy marriage, would have been as if a poet had placed his catastrophe in the third act of his play, when his audience were obliged to expect two more. What greater moral proof can be given of a world after this for the rewarding of suffering virtue and for the punishing of oppressive vice, than the inequalities in the distribution of rewards and punishments here below?"

With such solemnity was the question of the ending of a story treated by author and reader! It could not have been more profoundly serious had it concerned the saving of a life. And the very fact that *Richardson* had thus a manifest motive in his tale, independent of the rules of art, makes it still more apparent with what an intuitive perception of the best principles of art he kept by his original idea. *Clarissa* made happy would have been a commonplace being, another *Pamela*, a less serene *Miss Byron*; while *Clarissa* outraged, putting aside with a sweet mournful pride the atonement which is impossible, carrying her involuntary pollution to heaven, is the rarest conception. A man who writes a story with a moral purpose is in most cases doubly hampered; but here, fortunately, the interests of morality concurred with the highest necessities of art.

Lovelace, the only other character worth considering in the book, bears tokens of having also been conceived by a man used to contemplate the world from a woman's point of view. He is not in the smallest degree a milksop, nor does he approach the perfections of *Sir Charles Grandison* by any indications of the nascent prig. He is full of vivacity and spirit and humour even at his worst; but his wickedness is as different from the frank animalism of *Tom Jones* as it is possible to conceive. Vice has to him all the attraction of intrigue, all the charm of sentiment and emotion, and that irresistible temptation of universal conquest which is so strong in women. *Lovelace*, like a true woman's hero, will not allow himself to be beat. He will conquer by fair means, if possible—but if not, by any means. He is bent upon making himself the object of everybody's attentive admiration, wonder, or horror, as the case may be. Though he is not without a certain subtle undercurrent of contempt for the very admirers whom he dazzles and beguiles, it is a necessity of his nature to beguile and dazzle everywhere. And so he does. The reader perceives that the effect he produces is a real effect. It is no assertion of the author, but a visible result worked out by very apparent means. His friend loathes, abjures, and denounces his horrible project, but cannot detach himself from the charm of his personality. Society gazes and averts its eyes with a flutter of horror, yet is continually dazzled by the courageous front he bears, and flattered and melted by the pains he takes to recommend himself to it. *Tom Jones's* sensuality is a mere matter of disposition—a peccadillo, of which neither he nor his author is ashamed, involving nothing but the

temptation and downfall of the moment, not much more important than the robbing of an orchard or the shooting of an unlawful pheasant. He is infinitely nastier and infinitely more innocent than the subtle seducer, whose name has come to represent a class, happily more rife in fiction than in life. The hero of Fielding would have been harmless as a girl to Clarissa. He would have kissed the hem of her garment notwithstanding his fundamental easy-minded uncleanness. In power and subtlety of conception the hero of Richardson is as far superior to him as he is inferior in execution. Perhaps the very inferiority of execution, indeed — the long windedness, the wearisome prolixity, as contrasted with the incisive brilliant brevity and clearness of the rival moralist — does but bring out the more the extraordinary advantage, in point of elevation and depth, which the one has over the other. The genius of Richardson thus unawares took up and profited by what was essentially a feminine ideal. To women, vice of the Tom Jones development is abhorrent and incomprehensible; while vice like that of Lovelace, which sets all the powers to work — which is full of plot and contrivance, of insatiable love of approbation and necessity for conquest, of emotion and mental excitement, and remorse and passion — is something which they can understand and realize. It would be too deep and too curious a question to ask why this feminine conception should have been worked out by a man as it never has by any female artist, even in a field like this, where women have won many triumphs — and might lead us into speculations which have little to do with Richardson; but yet the fact seems to us very clear. Lovelace is the detestable, while Clarissa is the attractive, part of the book; and yet he too is full of attraction. His undaunted spirit, his impudent vivacity and readiness, which is never at a loss; the way in which he fights every inch of the ground, taking the blame upon himself, yet never sinking under it, is as fine a picture as any in art; and there is a something in his distracted letter, on receiving the intelligence of her death, which reaches the highest tragic height. When all is said that can be said of the imperfections of the workmanship, and the tedious exuberance of detail with which these two wonderful figures are enveloped and overlaid, it is still undeniable that the Man and the Woman stand forth in this book in their mortal struggle with such tragical and solemn force as has seldom been given to any creations of the im-

agination. The conception is perfect; it is the execution alone which is to blame.

Perhaps no novel has ever been received with such universal enthusiasm. All kinds of people wept and applauded. It flew over the Channel with a swiftness which is seldom equalled even in these days of increased communication, and was translated by the Abbé Prevost, himself a congenial writer, who "softened it," the biographer quaintly tells us, in order to adapt it to — save the mark! — "the more delicate taste of the French." Letters poured upon the author full of a fever of admiration, sometimes most amusingly expressed. One lady, for example, says: "I am more and more charmed with your Clarissa; it is indeed a noble character, but I fear nowhere to be met with except in your Letters. *What a pity it is you are not a woman*, and blest with means of shining as she did! for a person capable of drawing such a character would certainly be able to act in the same manner if in a like situation." Dr. Johnson, in repeated letters, asks characteristically that an index should be made to the book; for it is not, he says, "a performance to be read with eagerness, and laid aside for ever, but will be occasionally consulted by the busy, the aged, and the studious; and therefore I beg that this edition, by which I suppose posterity is to abide, may want nothing that can facilitate its use." There are portions of this correspondence, especially the letters of Mrs. Klopstock, the wife of the poet — who, in all the effusiveness of ardent youth, gives Richardson a sketch of her own love-story and happiness — which are touching and charming as any romance. "Oh the heavenly book!" cries this enthusiastic creature. "You will know all what concerns me," she adds, in her pretty German English. "Love, dear sir, is all what me concerns; and love shall be all what I will tell you in this letter." After a few charming letters, this little episode of real life finds its conclusion in a brief obituary notice — a piece of plain and sad prose — more pathetic than anything in fiction. Richardson's fatherly heart was always open to such confidences. Had he been a woman, as his other correspondent suggests, he could scarcely have been more tenderly ready to open his sympathies and affections to all who sought them. He is himself, however, moved to complain of the flood of additional occupation thus brought upon him:—

"I am drawn into acquaintance and into correspondences upon it so numerous, and that with

and from people of condition, that what time I have to spare from my troublesome and necessary business is wholly taken up. I am teased" (he adds) "by a dozen ladies of note and virtue to give them a good man, as they say I have been partial to their sex and unkind to my own. But, sir, my nervous infirmities you know—time mends them not—and 'Clarissa' has almost killed me. You know how my business engages me. You know by what snatches of time I write that I may preserve that independency which is the comfort of my life. I never sought out of myself for patrons." My own industry and God's providence have been my whole reliance. The great are not great to me unless they are good. And it is a glorious privilege that a middling man enjoys, who has preserved his independency, and can occasionally (though not stoically) tell the world what he thinks of that world, in hopes to contribute, though but by his mite, to mend it."

The publication of 'Clarissa' thus placed the respectable old printer upon the highest pinnacle of contemporary fame. There is a most amusing semi-romantic episode in his correspondence, touching the beginning of his personal acquaintance with his correspondent Lady Bradshaigh, which is too characteristic to be omitted. The lady (the same who interceded for the reformation of Lovelace and the happiness of Clarissa) had for some time corresponded with him under a fictitious name, and a great deal of coquetting had ensued touching a personal interview. Richardson, having in vain invited her to his house, and suggested other modes of meeting, at last humours her fancy for stealing a preliminary peep at him in the Park, by such a description of himself as sets the good soul before us in all the homely prose of his daily appearance. Never was a more innocent little intrigue. Lady Bradshaigh herself was, as she informs us, "turned forty," and of the full and rosy development not uncommon at that age. Her "dear man," a certain passive rustic Sir Roger, who makes no appearance in his own person, shared her enthusiasm and amused himself with her letters. Yet she hesitates, like a mischievous girl, over the innocent meeting, and teases her unknown friend with appearances and disappearances, keeping him promenading about the Mall, while she passes in her chair, and conducting herself with all the malicious freaks of a young flirt. Here is the sketch of his own respectable person, with which Richardson furnishes his troublesome correspondent:—

"I go through the Park once or twice a-week to my little retirement, but I will for a week together be in it every day three or four hours, at your command, till you tell me you have seen a person who answers to this description, name-

ly: Short, rather plump than emaciated, notwithstanding his complaints; about five foot five inches; fair wig; lightish cloth coat, all black besides; one hand generally in his bosom, the other a cane in it, which he leans upon under the skirts of his coat usually, that it may imperceptibly serve him as a support, when attacked by sudden tremors or startings, and dizziness, which too frequently attack him, but, thank God, not so often as formerly; looking directly forthright, as passers-by would imagine, but observing all that stirs on either hand of him without moving his short neck; hardly ever turning back; of a light-brown complexion; teeth not yet failing him; smoothish face and ruddy cheeked; at some times looking to be about sixty-five, at other times much younger; a regular even pace, stealing away ground rather than seeming to rid it: a grey eye, too often overclouded by mistiness from the head; by chance lively—very lively it will be, if he have hope of seeing a lady whom he loves and honours: his eye always on the ladies; if they have very large hoops, he looks down and supercilious, and as if he would be thought wise, but perhaps the sillier for that; as he approaches a lady, his eye is never fixed first upon her face, but upon her feet, and thence he raises it up, pretty quickly for a dull eye; and one would think (if we thought him at all worthy of observation) that from her air and (the last beheld) her face, he sets her down in his mind as so and so, and then passes on to the next object he meets—only then looking back, if he greatly likes or dislikes, as if he would see if the lady appear to be all of a piece in the one light or in the other. Are these marks distinct enough, if you are resolved to keep all the advantages you set out with? And from this odd, this grotesque figure, think you, madam, that you have anything to apprehend? anything that will not rather promote than check your mirth? I dare be bold to say (and allow it too) that you would rather see this figure than any other you ever saw, whenever you should find yourself graver than you wish to be."

Richardson was at this time about sixty, perhaps the first gallant of his age thus pursued and tantalized. The little contest ended in a cordial meeting and long-enduring friendship.

'Clarissa' was scarcely well out of his hands when we find his friends beginning to assail him about the Good Man, whom it now remained to him to draw. "As to the *fine man*," he writes in 1750, when "the divine Clarissa" was but newly published, "what shall be done if such ladies as Miss Sutton, who can so well tell what she does *not* like, will not do us the honour to tell us what she does? Will she, or will you, madam, be so good as to acquaint me what he is to do, and what he is *not* to do, in order to acquire and maintain an exemplary character?"

The answer to this letter affords us a strange glimpse into the social virtue, or rather want of virtue, of the time.

"I believe," his correspondent replies, "the young ladies hardly know themselves, for want of patterns, what an agreeable man with religion and sense is, which makes me wish you would show them one. They are so used to see those they think genteel and polite without morals and religion, that they imagine them almost if not quite incompatible, and are afraid, if they insist too much on the last, they must give up the first."

The correspondence goes on at much length, going into all the details of the subject. In August, 1750, Richardson had begun the required piece of work, but complained of his incapability of carrying it out. "My business has great calls upon me," he says, "my very relaxations are business; altogether, time of life too advanced—I fear, I shall not be able to think of a new work. And then the title is a very audacious one. To draw a man that *good* men approve, and that young ladies in such an age as this will think amiable—tell me, madam, is not that an audacious task?" But the subject was too tempting an occasion of letter-writing to be let slip. Mrs. Donaldson, who is the leader of the assault, continues with unabating energy:—

"To think of a man with religion, sense, and agreeableness is easy, and to say he shall have this or that good quality; but to work these up into a story—to produce these in action—I know nobody who is capable of doing it but Mr. Richardson; and if he declines it, how shall I pretend to encourage him? And yet I wish he would try. . . . If our hero must fight, let it be before we are acquainted with him; and when once a man has shown his courage it will keep him from insult. Suppose the woman he likes engaged in her affections, before she knew him, to one of a more modern cast, could we not make our hero show virtue and honour, and at last, to the credit of my sex, triumph over the man of mode? . . . Some faults, you observe, our virtuous man must have—some sallies of passion; the best *man's* character will bear it, though a *Clarissa's* would not. I will not arrogate any merit to our sex from it, but suppose it arises from custom, education, or what you will, 'tis certain our man must not be an angel. *Clarissa's* goodness seems, if I may use the expression, intuitive. Our man, to make him natural, must have some failings from passion, but must be soon recovered by reason and religion. . . . Our man must have so much of the Christian and philosopher that reflection must always set him right."

The counsellors became more exacting as time went on:—

"This morning the doctor received a letter from Mr. Skelton," writes Mrs. Delany. "He says he wishes you were to exhibit a bad woman as well as a good man. I don't know but I wish so too; but not as a principal figure, only in your background, and by way of shade, to set off some of your brightest figures." "My dear agreeable friend," the same lady adds, on an after occasion, "has communicated to me the sketch you have sent of your truly fine gentleman. I have no fears about him; I am sure he will be as complete as human fancy and judgment can make him. . . . She has told me your dispute about *Harriet's* owning her passion so freely. If she has mere liking only, she may tell her mind without reserve; but if she is downright in love, it is impossible she should, if as delicate as I am sure you would have her be. . . . But this restraint goes no further than till the favoured person has made his passion known. Then I think *Harriet* may (nay, should) frankly and generously avow her inclination. In the mean time I should only allow of some involuntary approbations which may flatter Sir Charles, but for which, if *Harriet* recollects them, she should condemn herself."

Richardson, on his part, coquets a little, giving his friends to understand that he is much guided by their counsels; but yet, as we have seen, steadfastly taking his own way. He is even pathetic when occasion serves.

"What can I mean, you are pleased to ask," he says, "by seeming uncertain whether I shall publish my new work? Have I not, madam, already obtruded upon the world many volumes? and have I not reason to apprehend that the world will be tired of me if I do? When will this scribbler stop, will it not be asked? But when no more can be written or published by the same hand, then indulgence will possibly for that very reason be exerted in favour of the new piece. And a defunct author will probably meet with better quarter than a living one; especially as he is known to be a man in business—an obscure man, and one who is guilty of very great presumption in daring to write at all, or do anything but print the works of others."

This humility is, perhaps, a little overstrained, considering the triumph of *Clarissa* over all rivals.

In the letter last quoted he begs the assistance of Mrs. Delany and her friends "in describing a scene or two in upper life;" and it is evident that, deluded by this extreme amiability, his correspondents were now and then so rash as to write not only counsels but letters (for insertion in his books) for him, and "remarks" upon various subjects, for which the novelist is properly grateful, but—puts them in his wastebasket and takes his own way. In short, there can be little doubt that Richardson,

while occasionally taking a hint, with that supreme power of natural selection which belongs to genius, did but amuse himself with the deliberations of his little parliament. He permitted them to persuade themselves that they were useful to him, and that their suggestions and criticisms guided his work; but whenever their judgment went contrary to his own, his decision is remorseless, though always full of thanks and acknowledgments. In this matter it is evident he displayed that smiling bland consistent resolution which makes bystanders imagine the man moves by their influence, who is all the time calmly, and without a moment's hesitation, taking his own way.

In less than five years from the publication of 'Clarissa,' 'Sir Charles Grandison' was given to the world. Its purpose has been so clearly expounded in the letters we have quoted, that it seems unnecessary to add to this description of its leading *motif*. It is the history of the *fine man*, so often referred to — "*our man*," who was to embody in himself every perfection. This intention was but too rigidly carried out. The fine, the splendid, the courteous Sir Charles — politest of lovers, most speckless and charming of men — is a composition too sweet for the common palate. It would be foolish to say that there is not in this book much of the same charm that we find in 'Clarissa;' but a man could not, as some of Richardson's correspondents regretfully remark, be brought into such a "delicate distress" as a woman; neither do the same rules answer with the coarser male creature which do very well for his sisters. Sir Charles is the pink of every perfection known to the age; but he is so universally appreciated, so flattered and beloved, everything prospers so beautifully in his hands, that all the admiration the reader can give is forestalled, and he feels himself limping a world behind the enthusiastic audience in the book itself. It is a book as true to the circumstances and antecedents of its author as 'Clarissa' is above them. There are all the complications of the love-story — all those delicate expedients for staving off an inevitable *dénouement*, which the art of fiction has since elaborated; there is the excitement of an abduction, so managed as that any possible stigma upon the heroine, or suggestion of impropriety, should be avoided; there are a succession of promising duels, all successfully eluded by the skill and grace and irresistible courage of the matchless hero; and, finally, there is the double love, with all its delicacies, which seemed

at one time to secure for the author the happy ending all his friends demanded, and the unhappy ending which he himself approved. But Richardson was older, and perhaps more persuadable, and Clementina had no grievance to make life impossible, as Clarissa had; and accordingly, all ends, as the ladies would have, in rose-water and confectionery and wedding-cakes, actual and prospective. Perhaps it is beyond the powers of ordinary human nature to strike the highest chords of mortal music more than once; Richardson was no Shakespeare, but a very commonplace man, preferred, one can scarcely tell how, to the privilege of one creation. But his wings lasted him only till that commission was accomplished. Into his little natural round, which he had paced in 'Pamela,' he falls back again in 'Sir Charles Grandison.' He had been snatched out of it into higher regions for one moment of full inspiration, but now the good old soul dropped back. His garland and his singing-ropes fell from him. His fine gentleman is virtue incarnate in a laced coat and the daintiest of ruffles. He wears gold lace and point upon his very soul. Silk and velvet and embroidery are moral qualities in him. He has no existence out of those fine, too fine, clothes; his principles and his manners are carefully cut to harmonize with that lovely exterior. The ideal is still feminine, but it has shifted its ground and become a kind of housemaid's ideal, the perfection of everything that is *fine*. In 'Clarissa,' as we have said, the author had seized, with a perfection which as yet no woman has equalled, the higher tone of feminine feeling. In 'Sir Charles Grandison' he has caught, with a reality equally unrivalled, the lower and less exalted tone. Nothing could be more exact than the flutter of womanish correspondences, the universal worship given by all the circle to the idol in the midst: the mixture of envy and fondness with which his chosen bride is surrounded; the girlish murmurs of applause, the frank adoration of the sisters, the beatific avowals of the bride. Such a chanting of litanies and burning of incense is, unfortunately for the objects of it, still a frequent evidence of womanish enthusiasm. Its effect, generally, is to make the man who is the central figure look extremely foolish to the outside world. But here the instincts of the author come in to save that last degradation. Sir Charles is not made to look foolish. How he is saved from it, it is difficult to tell — but he is saved. He is invested with all the preternatural solemnity and grandeur of the as yet undeveloped being

familiarly known to this too-familiar age as a prig; but he is not made to look like a fool—which, in the circumstances, is about the highest praise that could be given.

'Sir Charles Grandison' was published in 1753, the author being sixty-four, still involved in the toils of business, and suffering from nervous complaints, which often made him unable to write. Its reception by the world was no less flattering than had been that of the others. His friend, Dr. Young, who had feared that the new work might diminish the reputation gained by 'Clarissa,' retracted his opinion at once. He writes:—

"I now applaud what I presumed to blame;
After Clarissa you shall rise in fame."

"I look upon you as an instrument of providence adjusted to the peculiar exigencies of the times," says the same admiring friend, "in which all would be *fine gentlemen*, and only are at a loss to know what that means. While they read, perhaps, from pure vanity, they do not read in vain, and are betrayed into benefit whilst mere amusement is their pursuit. . . . And as I look upon you as an instrument of providence, I likewise look on you as a sure heir of a double immortality. When our language fails one indeed may cease; but the failure of the heavens and the earth will put no period to the other."

"This letter begins with an outburst of 'Joy to you, dear sir, and joy to the world; you have done great things for it; and I will venture to affirm that no one shall read you without benefit or—guilt.' In such strains did his friends sound forth the praises of the successful author. And indeed it was for this high reward he consciously strove—not for the guerdon of art, or such praise as might be shared by a profane boisterous Fielding or wicked Tristram Shandy. He himself informs us that his novels appear in the humble guise of novels, "only by way of accommodation to the manners and tastes of an age overwhelmed with luxury, and abandoned to sound and sensitiveness;" and, complaining of some excisions made by his French translator, the Abbé Prevost, adds: "He treats the story" ('Clarissa') "as a true one; and says, in one place, that the English editor has often sacrificed his story to moral instructions, warnings, &c. The very motive with me," adds Richardson, "of the story's being written at all."

These words are amusingly suggestive of the differences of national conception in point of art. Yet it is curious to find that the success of Richardson's works, and especially of 'Clarissa,' in France, was immediate; and there can be no doubt that

they are still better known and more appreciated among our neighbours than by ourselves—a fact, perhaps, not so extraordinary as it looks upon the surface, since the classical productions of any language are always first presented to foreign students. Mrs. Barbauld tells us of a Frenchman who, in her own time and knowledge, "paid a visit to Hampstead for the sole purpose of finding out the house in the *flask walk*, where Clarissa lodged, and was surprised at the ignorance or indifference of the inhabitants on that subject."

'Grandison' was the last of Richardson's works. In it he had completed the cycle of labour which commended itself to his mind. He had drawn (accidentally) the simple girl resisting vice, and making a very good thing of her virtue. Startled by his own success, he had then roused all his faculties to the creation of a paragon maiden; and the only thing that remained for him to do was then the paragon man. That task fulfilled, his office as a moralist was over. In vain his friends tempted him to other exertions. The *bad woman* of Mr. Skelton, the *widow* of Lady Bradshaigh, had no attractions for him. His work was done; and it is no small testimony to the simple kindly nature of the man to find him back at his printing, writing the invaluable judicious letters of an experienced publisher to the authors whose works passed through his hands. Thus, all the blaze of his own literary fame still surrounding him, we find him giving modest counsel to Dr. Young about the preface to the 'Night Thoughts.' "I humbly think this part cannot be too delicately mentioned," he says. "Might not, sir, the manner of introducing what relates to the army be less violent, if I may so express myself, and the connection be made more easy?" "A thousand thanks, my best friend, for restoring me to myself," cries Young, in reply. "I shall follow your advice in the dedication." This is not the only instance of his careful regard for the fame and success of his friends. He had but a few years more to live, but his activity was as yet undiminished. To the last he continued to write letters, discussing all sorts of subjects, social ethics of every description, and the semi-metaphysical questions which are dear to women, with his dear girls, who call him "my papa," and communicate with each other to his praise and glory: "Miss Hecky," writing to "her Sukey" or "her Prissy," in strains of adoration, mingled with the liveliest sprightly sketches of their odd old-fashioned life. He pulled down his old printing-offices, and built new and

much enlarged ones, while all this pleasant chatter went on; and how the old man, superintending his work and his buildings, could find time for letters of a dozen pages, is a mystery which the reader will find it difficult to fathom. He was worried, too, by an Irish piracy of his books, which gave him no small trouble, and by many bodily infirmities. It is taking an ungenerous advantage of the kind soul to postpone to this twilight period of his days the quotation of his sentiments about his great rivals; and yet these are too characteristic to be left out. We have already said that he never forgave Fielding for the spiteful travesty attempted in the 'Joseph Andrews'—a feeling which is very comprehensible, and even excusable, and no doubt coloured his judgment in respect to his competitor's future works. But it is very doubtful whether, under any circumstances, two minds so dissimilar could have appreciated each other. It is thus Richardson speaks of the unquestionably shabby intention, so soon and so splendidly swallowed up in one real creation of Fielding's first work:—

"So long as the world will receive, Mr. Fielding will write. Have you ever seen a list of his performances? Nothing but a shorter life than I can wish him can hinder him from writing himself out of date. The 'Pamela' which he abused in his 'Shamela' taught him how to write to please, though his manners are so different. Before his 'Joseph Andrews' (hints and names taken from that story with a lewd and ungenerous engraftment), the poor man wrote without being read, except when his 'Pasquins,' &c., roused party attention and the legislature at the same time. According to that of Juvenal, which may be thus translated, —

'Wouldst thou be read, or wouldst thou bread insure,

Dare something worthy *Newgate* or the *Tower*.'

In the former of which (removed from inns and alehouses) will some of his worst scenes be laid, and perhaps not usefully. I hope not."

At a later period Richardson announces that "Fielding has over-written or rather under-written himself" in 'Amelia.' "The piece," he says, "is as dead as if it had been published forty years ago as to sale. . . . His brawls, his jeers, his gaols, his sponging-houses, are all drawn from what he has seen or known. As I said, he has little or no invention." The good man, however, reaches the climax of hallucination when he thus addresses Miss Fielding, the sister of the moralist, and herself the author of some forgotten books. He tells her he has just reperused a collection of letters published by her. "What knowledge of the human heart!" he exclaims; "well might a criti-

cal judge of writing say, as he did to me, that your late brother's knowledge of it was not (fine writer as he was) comparable to yours. His was but as the knowledge of the outside of a clock-work machine, while yours was that of all the fine springs and movements of the inside."

Nor is he more lenient to Sterne. "Who is this Yorick? you are pleased to ask me," he writes to the Bishop of Sodor and Man. "You cannot, I imagine, have looked into his books; execrable, I cannot but call them." A lady, whom he quotes, a friend of his daughter's in the country, gives a less severe but not less decided judgment. "There is subject for mirth, and some affecting strokes," she says. "Yorick, Uncle Toby, and Trim are admirably characterized, and very interesting; . . . but let not 'Tristram Shandy' be ranked among the well-chosen authors in your library." "I am told that the third and fourth volumes are worse, if possible, than the two first," adds Richardson, "which only I have had the patience to run through." Thus it will be seen that, open-hearted as the good man was, there was a limit to his amiability; and that his rivals or betters in his special department were less dear to him than the rest of mankind. "Mark my prophecy that, by another season, this performance" ('Tristram Shandy') "will be as much derided as it is now extolled," says the correspondent whom he quotes: "for it has not intrinsic merit sufficient to prevent it striking when no longer upheld by the shortlived breath of fashion." Let us forgive him, if he takes pleasure in the thought. It is the only meanness of which the good soul seems capable; and when we consider the ridicule that had been poured upon himself by all the wits, their scorn of his humble degree and respectable virtuous life, and the solemn sense he had of the responsibilities attending the literary faculty, and the heavy guilt of every man who used it in indifference to the interests of morality, some excuse may be found for the old man. No doubt he thought it was the evil tendencies of these works that moved him to so much indignation; and it is equally without doubt that in an author, himself so successful, jealousy could not be the only motive, but that a real and unaffected horror of sin and nastiness must have counted for much in his ill-nature. If any of the present living brotherhood of poets were to employ similar language in respect to Mr. Swinburne, would anybody say it was envy?

The last few years of Richardson's life were spent in comparative ease and leisure.

He had made his business great and flourishing, and, with a natural regret, lamented that he had no son to leave it to. He had been long subject to infirmities which are vaguely described as nervous disorders, one of which was a shaking hand, which made him unable to write. These weaknesses increased with age: and in the year 1761, when he had attained the age of seventy-two, a stroke of apoplexy put an end to his blameless homely life. He left four daughters behind him, all that remained of his family, and a reputation quite unique in history. It seems needless to repeat the description of an anomaly so well known and fully acknowledged. He was a respectable tradesman, distinguished by no aspira-

tions (so far as is apparent) beyond his peers; a good printer, entering with all his heart into business; a comfortable soul, fond of his fireside and his slippers, and his garden and all homely pleasures; never owing a guinea nor transgressing a rule of morality, according to the dreadful accusation we have elsewhere quoted; and yet so much a poet that he has added at least one character to the inheritance of the world, of which Shakespeare need not have been ashamed — the most celestial thing, the highest imaginative effort of his generation. Nothing can be more unlike Richardson than Clarissa, and yet without Richardson Clarissa had not been.

FOUR SONNETS.

I.

A SNOW MOUNTAIN.

CAN I make white enough my thought for thee,
Or wash my words in light? Thou hast no mate

To sit aloft in the silence silently
And twin those matchless heights undesecrate.
Reverend as Lear, when, lord of shelter, he
Stood, with his old white head, surprised at fate;

Alone as Galileo, when, set free,
Before the stars he mused disconsolate.
Ay, and remote as the dead lords of song,
Great masters who have made us what we are,
For thou and they have taught us how to long
And feel a sacred want of the fair and far:
Reign, and keep life in this our deep desire —
Our only greatness is that we aspire.

II.

SLEEP.

(A WOMAN SPEAKS.)

O SLEEP, we are beholden to thee, sleep,
Thou bearest angels to us in the night,
Saints out of heaven with palms. Seen by thy light

Sorrow is some old tale that goeth not deep;
Love is a pouting child. Once I did sweep
Through space with thee, and lo, a dazzling sight —

Stars! They came on, I felt their drawing
and might;

And some had dark companions. Once (I weep
When I remember that) we sailed the tide,
And found fair isles, where no isles used to bide,
And met there my lost love, who said to me,
That 'twas a long mistake: he had not died.

Sleep, in the world to come how strange 'twill
be
Never to want, never to wish for thee!

III.

PROMISING.

(A MAN SPEAKS.)

ONCE, a new world, the sunswart marinere
Columbus, promised, and was sore withstood,
Ungraced, unhelped, unheard for many a year;
But let at last to make his promise good.
Promised and promising I go, most dear,
To better my dull heart with love's sweet feud,
My life with its most reverent hope and fear,
And my religion with fair gratitude.
O we must part; the stars for me contend,
And all the winds that blow on all the seas.
Through wonderful waste places I must wend,
And with a promise my sad soul appease.
Promise then, promise much of far-off bliss;
But — ah, for present joy, give me one kiss.

IV.

Who veileth love should first have vanquished
fate.

She folded up the dream in her deep heart,
Her fair full lips were silent on that smart,
Thick fringed eyes did on the grasses wait
What good? one eloquent blush, but one, and
straight

The meaning of a life was known; for art
Is often foiled in playing nature's part,
And time holds nothing long inviolate.
Earth's buried seed springs up — slowly, or
fast:

The ring came home, that one in ages past
Flung to the keeping of unfathom'd seas:
And golden apples on the mystic trees
Were sought and found, and borne away at last,
Though watched of the divine Hesperides.
Good Words. JEAN INGELW.

From Macmillan's Magazine.
JOHN KEBLE.*

IN the January number of this Magazine, a few brief pages were devoted to commemorate a departed glory of the English Church — poet, historian, theologian, in one — the lamented Dean Milman. It is by a not unfitting sequence that a like passing notice should be given to another, who stood on an eminence apart, yet hardly, in its way, less exalted; and whose career, though filling a smaller space in the social and literary world, yet has a brightness and instruction of its own. There were few for whose genius and character the Dean of St. Paul's expressed a deeper regard and veneration than for John Keble. Long before the author of the "Christian Year" had become famous, his prescient eye had observed that "Keble was somehow unlike any one else;"† and there were few occasions on which his friends remembered him to have given way to a warmer feeling of indignation than when, by a narrow prejudice, he found himself excluded after Keble's death from joining in the general tribute of admiration for his memory.

It is not our intention to go through the incidents of Keble's life. They are told so simply and pathetically by Sir John Coleridge in the charming volume which unconsciously enshrines the memory of the biographer as well as of the hero, that it would be difficult to do them justice by any partial extracts. Once more, after a lapse of more than twenty years, that little circle at Corpus College is brought before us by the same gracious hand that sketched it in the first chapter of Arnold's "Life;" and those who were made acquainted with that happy group of Oxford friends will rejoice to meet them once again in the downward vale of years as they are here represented. Once again we find the Judge to whom, and from whom, Arnold was constantly appealing, still presiding as the gentle umpire in the disputes which were waged, perhaps less vehemently, but not less constantly, in the more strictly ecclesiastical circle to which he more properly belonged. Others, as with a graceful humility he indicates, may fill up the outline which he had drawn, but the outline could have been drawn by no one but himself.

I. There are three separate existences in Keble's career. One is that of which this volume will probably be the chief revelation — his parochial ministrations at Hursley.

* A Memoir of the Rev. J. Keble, late Vicar of Hursley. By the Right Hon. Sir J. L. Coleridge, D.C.L.

† Newman's Apologia, p. 76.

It is impossible not to express a momentary wonder at the fact that not only no Government but no Prelate should have offered Keble the tribute of one of those cathedral positions which need only be filled worthily in order to be the chief glory of the Church of England, instead of being, as they have at different times and places been, a burden and reproach. So however it was not to be, and we may well console ourselves with the dramatic and perfect unity given to his life by its concentration on one retired spot, which will henceforth be the object of many a pilgrimage from all parts of the world to which the Anglo-Saxon race extends. In that humble Hampshire parish, ennobled only by one other well-known name, which awakens far other associations — that of Richard Cromwell,* the second Lord Protector — were spent thirty years of his blameless life.

Considering his world-wide fame, considering also his deep interest in the questions which agitated the ecclesiastical mind, and the respect in which on those questions he was held as an oracle by half the English clergy, there is something inexpressibly touching in the quiet unostentatious humility with which he contented himself with his limited sphere, occupying himself with the mischievous pranks of "Ja. B." and "Dick H.," or the sorrows and trials of "J. L. and poor dear W. B.," as though there were no other cares, no other concerns than those of the cottagers of the Hampshire downs. It may be worth while to give one or two examples of this phase of his life. They may be common to many other pastors, but not the less to be noticed in him.

"He did not confine himself to the Church Catechism. He thought any opportunity of display by the children was much to be avoided; he therefore prepared them carefully beforehand in the questions he meant to ask; if one could not answer a question, he did not put it to another, but helped the one who failed; he always repeated the answers aloud, that the parents might follow the subject intelligently. He usually took a short portion, whether of the Catechism or Scripture; and when the catechizing ended, lectured from the pulpit on what had been the subject of his questioning."

"His was truly a ministry of consolation and of cheering; he had consideration for all the special circumstances of each person under his

* Richard Cromwell married the daughter of the owner of Hursley, and is buried in Hursley Church. It is perhaps significant of the exclusiveness of Keble's sympathies that his letters and poems contain no allusion to a memory which must have been constantly before him, and which, though belonging to a commonplace character, contains elements as poetical as ever belonged to fallen greatness.

charge. There was, for example, a poor cripple, deaf and dumb, whom he constantly found time to visit, because the man thought he could understand the motion of his lips; and he would hold conversations with him besides, by writing on a slate; then to amuse him in his solitary life, he would set him sums on the slate when he went away, and look them over at his next visit, and correct them.

"He 'made friends,' one may say, with the inmates of the workhouse, especially the old men, and was frequent in his visits there. He got them to the daily services, and, seating them on the front benches, addressed himself specially to them, as he read the Second Lesson, reading slowly, and with pauses, almost as if he were alone with them, and were speaking to them.

"His manner of reading the Scriptures was remarkable: so simple, that your first impression of it was that it was the reading of a very intelligent and reverent child, yet so good, that he made you understand them more, I think, than any one else. At the same time he conveyed to you in some measure his own feeling of reverence.

"His hand would in prayer be raised so as to overshadow his eyes, or his voice would sink. Once a friend was about to read to him the daily prayers used by a poor Italian woman; he raised his hand to his forehead in the way I speak of, caught a low chair, and knelt on it, as if that were the only proper position for him while the prayers were read."

II. Immediately springing out of this homely work, and soaring into quite other regions, is his career as a poet. We do not propose to review the whole texture and substance of those remarkable books, of which one at least has become, it may be truly affirmed, a formulary of the Church of England. The "Christian Year" has taken its place — certainly for this generation — next to the Authorized Version and the Prayer-Book, far above the Homilies and the Articles. For one who would enforce an argument or defend a text by quoting the Eleventh Article or the Homily on Charity, there are a hundred who would appeal to the "Christian Year." And it has reached far beyond the limits of the Established Church. Wherever English religion spreads, there is also found this little volume. It is within the memory of the present writer, that, on a Sunday in the desert of Mount Sinai, where books were naturally of the fewest, of four British travellers, — two of them were Scotsmen — it was found that three had in their small travelling library brought out the "Christian Year." In the sermon of a distinguished Presbyterian preacher, on the "Religion of Common Life," the chief illustration was borrowed not from the "Westminster Confession" nor

from the "Paraphrases," but from the stanza,

"The trivial round, the daily task," &c.

In the Crimean war some fanatical chaplain had opposed the introduction of the "Christian Year" into the hospitals; but by the next arrival from England was a whole cargo of "Christian Years" brought by the daughter of the greatest of Scottish divines — Dr. Chalmers.

It has attained this recognized place without synodical authority, without enforced subscription: simply by its own intrinsic beauty. What were the special peculiarities* wherein that force and beauty lay have been described so fully elsewhere, that it may be sufficient here to dwell on some of the more general characteristics of Keble's poetical career which have not been adequately noticed.

First, it was a volume of genuine poetry. Keble was not merely, like Isaac Watts or Charles Wesley, a writer of hymns. He was a real poet. Their hymns, no doubt, have occasional flashes of poetry, but their main object is didactic, devotional, theological. Not so the "Christian Year," the "Lyra Innocentium," or the "Psalter." Very few of his verses can be used in public worship. His hymns are the exception. His originality lies in the fact that whilst the subjects which he touches are for the most part consecrated by religious usage or Biblical allusion, yet he grasps them not chiefly or exclusively as a theologian, or a Churchman, but as a poet. This at once carried him into a higher sphere. Whatever there is of the universal element in poetry, as distinct from prose, that is found throughout these volumes. Of the "Lyra Innocentium," we agree with Sir John Cole-ridge, that whilst its more limited range of subjects, and perhaps its more subtle turn of thought, will always exclude it from the rank occupied by the "Christian Year," it has more of the true fire of genius, more of the true rush of poetic diction. The "Psalter" again differs essentially from Sternhold and Hopkins, Tate and Brady, not merely in execution, but in design. It is the only English example of a rendering of Hebrew poetry by one who was himself a poet, with the full appreciation of the poetical thought as well as of the spiritual life which lies enshrined in the deep places of the 93d Psalm. The general subject of that

* These more special characteristics of Keble's poetry have been so admirably and fully described by Professor Sharp in his delightful little volume, "Keble and the Christian Year," that it is needless to go over them again.

Psalm must be obvious to every one in any translation, however meagre. But it required magic touch of a kindred spirit to bring out of the rugged Hebrew sentences the splendour and beauty of the dashing and breaking waves, which doubtless was intended, though shrouded in that archaic tongue from less keen observers.

Keble, in the best sense of the word, was not a sacred but a secular poet. It is not David only, but the Sibyl whose accents we catch in his inspirations. The "sword in myrtle drest" of Harmodius and Aristogiton, "the many-twinkling smile of ocean" from Æschylus, are images as familiar to him as "Bethlehem's glade," or "Carmel's haunted strand." Not George Herbert, or Cowper, but Wordsworth, Scott, and perhaps more than all, Southey,* are the English poets that kindled his flame, and coloured his diction. The beautiful stanza, "Why so stately, maiden fair?" and the whole poem on "May Garlands," might have been written by the least theological of men. The allusions to nature are even superabundantly inwoven with the most sacred subjects. Occasionally a thought of much force and sublimity is lost by its entanglement in some merely passing phase of cloud and shadow. The descriptions of natural scenery display a depth of poetical intuition very rarely vouchsafed to any man. The exactness of the descriptions of Palestine have been noted and verified on the spot, as very few such descriptions ever have been. There are not above two or three failures, even in turns of expression. One example of this minute accuracy is so striking as to deserve special record. Amongst the features of the Lake of Gennesareth, one which most arrests the attention is the belt of oleanders which surrounds its shores. But this remarkable characteristic had, as far as we know, entirely escaped the observation of all travellers before the beginning of this century; and, if we are not mistaken, the first published notice of it was in that line of the "Christian Year" —

"All through the summer night,
Those blossoms † red and bright —"

by one who had never seen them, and who must have derived his knowledge of them from careful cross-examination of some trav-

* How familiar Southey's poetry was to Keble's circle appears from the recognized name of the "Simorg," given to their friend Dyson. Alas! how few of the present generation will appreciate that exquisite recollection of the "Bird of Ages."

† In all the early editions these were in a note erroneously called "rhododendron." It was not till after his attention had been called to it, that, we think in the 72d edition, it was altered to "oleander."

eller from the Holy Land. It was an instance of his curious shyness that, when complimented on this singular accuracy of description of the Holy Land, he replied, "It is by a happy accident." Not less precise, if we knew exactly where to look for the original spots which suggested them, are his descriptions of the scenery of England. With the single exception of the allusion to the rocky isthmus at the Land's End said to be found in the lines,

"Lo, on a narrow neck of land,
Twist two unbounded seas I stand,"

there is probably no local touch through the whole of the poems of the two Wesleys. But Oxford, Bagley Wood, and the neighbourhood of Hursley, might, we are sure, be traced through hundreds of lines, both in the "Christian Year" and the "Lyra Innocentium;" and we trust that, before it be too late, those of this generation who alone have it in their power to preserve the tradition, will duly record it in each particular case where it can be discovered.

It will be remembered that the only purely secular function which he was called to perform was that of Professor of Poetry at Oxford. His lectures, as Sir John Coleridge feelingly remarks, are buried in the tomb of the dead language which it was reserved for his distinguished godson, Matthew Arnold, to break through. But there are still living those with whom his discharge of one of his duties left a far livelier recollection than his Latin lectures. It was part of his office to correct the poems which during his tenure of it obtained the Newdigate Prize. One of those young authors still retains so fresh and so characteristic a remembrance of his intercourse with the Professor, even then venerable in his eyes, that it may be worth recording. He recalls, after the lapse of more than thirty years, the quiet kindness of manner, the bright twinkling eye illuminating that otherwise inexpressive countenance, which greeted the bashful student on his entrance into the Professor's presence. One touch after another was given to the juvenile verses, substituting for this or that awkward phrase graceful turns of expression all his own: —

"Is there a spot where earth's *dim daylight*
falls,"

has the delicate colour of the "Christian Year" all over. In adding the expression,

"Where shade, air, *waters* —"

he dwelt with all the ardour of the keenest critic on the curious subtlety of language,

by which "water" suggests all that is prosaic, and "waters" all that is poetical.

"The heavens all gloom, the wearied earth all crime;"

how powerfully does this embody the feeling of the fifteenth century! "The storied Sphinx," "India's ocean floods;" how vivid are these touches of the phenomena of India and of Egypt!

"The wandering Israelite, from year to year,
Sees the Redeemer's conquering wheels draw near" —

how thoroughly here is Southey's language caught; how thoroughly, too, the Judaic as contrasted with the Christian Advent! And it may be added, though not directly bearing on the present topic, how delighted was his youthful hearer to perceive the sympathetic warmth with which, at a certain point in the poem, he said, "Ah, surely this was suggested by Dr. Arnold's sermon on 'the Egyptians whom ye have seen to-day, ye shall see no more again for ever.'"^{*} This allusion was the more felt as showing his recollection of the friend from whom at that time he was so strangely alienated.

This leads to a further remark on this poetical phase of Keble's character. How retired was his pastoral life we have seen; how narrow his ecclesiastical life will be seen hereafter. But as a poet he not only touched the great world of literature, but he also was a free-minded, free-speaking thinker. It may not be without interest to give a few instances of this broad and philosophic vein in the poet, the more striking from their contrast with his opposite tendencies in connexion with his ecclesiastical party.

Even in mere form, it has been elsewhere remarked that his poems afford one of the most signal instances of "freely handling" the subjects of the sacred history "in a becoming spirit," and speaking of them in the same terms as he would have used in describing any other remarkable course of events. The offence which was given by Dean Milman venturing to call Abraham a sheikh, or by another theologian venturing to speak of Joshua's war as "the Conquest of Palestine," was in fact repeated again and again in the "Christian Year" and the "Lyra Innocentium."

^{*} It may perhaps be added, that on glancing at a note to this poem, which cited from Tennyson's "Palace of Art," but without naming the poet, the line,

"Who shuts love out shall be shut out from love," he remarked, "Shakspeare?" The Laureate will forgive this ignorance of his poem in consideration of the grandeur of the comparison.

That eagerness to give the local colour of the sacred events, which runs through these volumes, is the "first step which costs everything" in the attempt to treat these august topics historically, and not dogmatically.

"The rude sandy lea,
Where stately Jordan flows by many a palm——"

"Green lake, and cedar tuft, and spicy glade,
Shaking their dewy tresses now the storm is laid;"

"The cell
In Kedron's storied dell;"

"The vaulted cells where martyr'd seers of old,
Far in the rocky walls of Sion sleep."

These are the touches which prepared the way for "Essays and Reviews," for Ewal, and for Ewal's admirers. The Biblical scenery is treated graphically as real scenery, the Biblical history and poetry as real history and poetry: the wall of partition between things sacred and things secular is broken down; the dogmatist, the allegorist, have disappeared; the critic and the poet have stepped into their place.

"O for a sculptor's hand,
That thou might'st take thy stand,
Thy wild hair floating on the Eastern breeze."

This is the true poetic fire of Gray's "Bard," not the conventional language which approached the Biblical seers with bated breath and vague surmises a hundred years ago.

Look at the spirited song of the manna gatherers:—

"The moist pearls now bestrewing
Thymy slope and rushy vale;
Comrades — what our sires have told us,
Watch and wait, for it will come;
Not by manna showers at morning
Shall our wants be then supplied;
But a strange pale gold adorning
Many a tufted mountain side."

This is the tone, not of the mystical commentators, but of Macaulay's "Lays." This is not the rigid line of demarcation between the natural and supernatural; it is the recognition of the common element in both, which, however much acknowledged in Germany, English theology has been so slow to allow.

Take again the questions of doctrine. There is nothing which the high ecclesiastical party has guarded so jealously as the hypothesis that our Lord's nature excluded all imperfections of human knowledge; that He was made unlike to us, not only in sinlessness, but in all respects. No hypothesis has caused such scruples and alarms in timid minds at the advance of

criticism which has ventured to explore the authorship of the Sacred Books of the Old Testament irrespectively of the references to them in the Gospel discourses. Strongly as this hypothesis was maintained by Keble in his prose writings, it is entirely surrendered in the freer — shall we not say sounder? — atmosphere of his poetry.

"Was not our Lord a little child,
Taught by degrees to pray,
By father dear and mother mild
Instructed day by day?"

Or again —

"E'en He who reads the heart,
Knows what He gave and what we lost, . . .
By a short pang of wonder cross'd
Seems at the sight to start."

No one who enters into the spirit of these lines can fail to see that the whole question of gradual, imperfect, partial knowledge in the Divine Person to whom they relate is conceded by them, and that with this the door is at once opened to the honest critical researches of modern times.

Again, it will be remembered how keen was the horror with which, as a theologian, he regarded the hope expressed by Origen and Tillotson of the final restoration of lost souls, and which penetrated into more than one of his best-known poems. Yet even here the voice of nature has made itself heard above the demands of theology. Look at the beautiful poem on the "Waterfall" in the "Lyra Innocentium," where he realizes as vividly as Mr. Wilson himself the impossibility of dooming to an everlasting ruin all the dwarfed and stunted spirits of our common humanity: —

"— How should Grace
One living gem disown,

One pearly mote, one diamond small,
One sparkle of the unearthly light?
Go where the waters fall,
Sheer from the mountains height —

Mark how a thousand streams in one, —
One in a thousand on they fare . . .

Now round the rock, now mounting o'er,
In lawless dance they win their way,
Still seeming more and more
To swell as we survey,

They rush and roar — they whirl and leap,
Not wilder drives the wintry storm.
Yet a strong law they keep,
Strange powers their course inform.

Even so the mighty skyborn stream
Its living waters from above,
All marr'd and broken seem,
No union and no love.

Yet in dim caves they softly blend
In dreams of mortals unespied:
*One is their awful end,
One their unfailing Guide.*

Scorn not one drop; of drops the shower
Is made, of showers the waterfall;
Of Children's souls the Power
Doomed to be Queen of all."

Veiled as the thought is in poetic imagery, it is clear that its whole tendency is to embrace within the Divine compassion the great mass of human spirits, however wild and hopeless their present course may seem to be.

In like deviation from the rigid ecclesiastical view of many of the Patristic and all the scholastic divines, is the tone in which he speaks of the ancient world.

"Now of thy love we deem,
As of an ocean vast,
Mounting in tides against the stream
Of ages gone and past."

"That warning still and deep,
At which high spirits of old would start,
Even from their pagan sleep."

"O Lord, our Lord, and spoiler of our foes,
There is no light but Thine: with Thee all
beauty glows."

Again, it will be remembered how tenaciously the school to which he belonged has clung to the necessity of dogmatic Articles, and to the terrible anathemas of the Athanasian Creed on those who deviate from the minute expressions of the theology of the eighth century. But what a totally different atmosphere do we breathe, when in these noble poems we read what he there represents as the one essential condition of peace and salvation! —

"— In one blaze of charity
Care and remorse are lost, like motes in light
divine; . . .
Whole years of folly we outlive
In His unerring sight, who measures Life by
Love."

"Lord, and what shall this man do?"
Ask'st thou, Christian, for thy friend?
If his love for Christ be true,
Christ hath told thee of his end:
This is he whom God approves,
This is he whom Jesus loves."

"Wouldst thou the life of souls discern?
Nor human wisdom nor divine
Helps thee by aught beside to learn;
Love is life's only sign."

Truly this is the spirit of the 13th chapter of the 1st Epistle to the Corinthians.

It is the very opposite of the spirit of those who have made not moral excellence but technical forms of belief the one test of safety.

Again, the doubts and difficulties which in the rude conflict of theological controversy are usually ascribed to corrupt motives and the like, are treated in his "Ode on St. Thomas's Day" with a tenderness worthy of Arnold and of Professor Jowett.

"Is there on earth a spirit frail,
Who fears to take their word;
Scarce daring through the twilight pale,
To think he sees the Lord!
With eyes too tremblingly awake
To bear with dimness for His sake?
Read and confess the Hand Divine
That drew thy likeness here so true in every line."

And the beautiful analysis of the character and position of Barnabas, which is one of the masterpieces of Renan's work on the Apostles, is all but anticipated in the lines on that saint in the "Christian Year":—

"Never so blest, as when in Jesus' roll
They write some hero-soul,
More pleased upon his brightening road
To wait, than if their own with all his radiance
glow'd."

Such a keen discrimination of the gifts and relations of the Apostles belongs to the true modern element of theology, not to the conventional theories of former days.

And with regard to the more special peculiarities of the High Church school, it is remarkable how at every turn he broke away from them in his poetry. It is enough to refer to the justification of marriage as against celibacy in the Ode on the Wednesday in Passion Week; the glorification of the religion of common against conventual life in his Morning Hymn, and in his Ode on St. Matthew's day. The contending polemic schools have themselves called attention to the well-known lines on the Eucharist in the poem on Gunpowder Treason. It is clear that, whatever may have been the subtle theological dogma which he may have held on the subject, the whole drift of that passage, which no verbal alteration can obliterate, is to exalt the moral and spiritual elements of that ordinance above those physical and local attributes on which later developments of his school have so exclusively dwelt.

These instances might be multiplied to any extent. It would, of course, be preposterous to press each line of poetry into an argument. But the whole result is to

show how far nobler, purer, and loftier was what may be called the natural element of the poet's mind, than the artificial distinctions in which he became involved as a partisan and as a controversialist. This is no rare phenomenon. Who has not felt it hard to recognize the author of the "Paradise Lost" and of the "Penseroso" in the polemical treatises on Divorce and on the Execution of Charles I.? Who does not know the immeasurable contrast between Wordsworth the poet of nature and of the human heart, and Wordsworth the narrow Tory and High Churchman of his later days? Let us hope that in all these cases it is the poet who is the real man—the theologian and politician only the temporary mask and phase.

III. To this phase, however, we must for a few moments turn. Not that even here he was a mere polemic. It is pleasant to think that the "quietness of confidence" which was the strength of his personal and pastoral life, also moderated the exclusiveness of his theological career; and that the soaring genius of the poet raised him, more than any other ecclesiastical writer of his school, above the paltry conflicts of party. He never took active steps in the prosecutions and personal attacks by which the High Church school has distinguished itself in later years. It should always be remembered that the compromise which most nearly succeeded in healing the long and fierce controversy in the University of Oxford concerning the salary of the Greek Professor, was brought about by him. The wild spirits that had been roused by that controversy were indeed beyond his power to control; but it is not less to be borne in mind that the counsel which they refused proceeded from the gentle oracle of Hursley. Amongst his prose works must be also recorded as belonging to no party his laborious and on the whole impartial edition of Hooker. The Catholic and philosophic, or, as his enemies would call them, the latitudinarian and Erastian leanings of the greatest of English divines, distasteful as they must in every respect have been to the editor, were not concealed; and the whole work is one of patient scholarlike care. The same exact labour appears in his "Life of Bishop Wilson." Every date, every name, every locality is verified to the utmost. And there also is the same candid statement of facts, which must have been as unwelcome to the mere Oxford ecclesiologist, as they are welcome to the student of religious history on a larger scale. Not only are the good bishop's slight irregularities at college, and his en-

forcements of the eccentric discipline* of the Isle of Man, carefully recorded, but all those various shades of his character which bring out his connexion with the tendencies of his time least loved by modern High Churchmen. Such were his admiration for William III.; his indifference to scenery and architecture; his "suffering the holy and venerable building in which he was enthroned to fall into hopeless decay;" his willingness to let his people look at the different aspects in which truths, and religious truths especially, are sure to present themselves to different minds;" his near approach to the allowance of the validity of Presbyterian orders; his appeal to the Privy Council, and his deliverance by its intervention; his acceptance of a high office in the Moravian Church; his permission to dissenters to receive the Communion sitting. Keble himself, as he proceeds, seems to warm with Bishop Wilson's own warmth towards the "despised eighteenth century," marked by "the movement of the great and good men who had formed the Societies for the "Propagation of the Gospel, the Promotion of Christian Knowledge, and the Reformation of Manners."

Again, if, in Keble's published letters, there is an almost total absence† of the world-wide strength and originality of Arnold, or the pungent wit and fire of Whately, there is yet a saintly simplicity and sweetness in even the most trivial of them, which disarms criticism and wins attention even where the matter itself deserves attention. Even in his remarks on the ritual questions which now so much agitate the ecclesiastical world, and were beginning to do so before his death, it is impossible not to be struck by his moderation and forbearance.

But not the less is it true that he embraced, in all their rigidity, the peculiar views which marked the Oxford movement of 1834. The letters which touch on those matters rarely move beyond this orbit. On these grounds he broke off intercourse with Arnold, in spite of Arnold's own solemn remonstrance, though, with a happy inconsistency, he renewed a kindly connexion after the heat of the first agitation had passed away. With a curious mixture of humanity and unconscious arrogance, whilst he accepted without scruple the

most fantastic interpretations of the Fathers, he rejected, without examination, without thought, the inquiries of scholars, the most deeply learned in Hebrew and Biblical lore that Christendom has ever seen, declining to consider any variations from the received view of Biblical inspiration as proceeding from "men too wicked to be reasoned with." Whilst advocating to the last the extremely lax view of the Articles on behalf of the High Church school as expressed in Tract XC., he was sternly opposed to any relaxation of subscription in any direction which might favour other views than his own. His powerful mind was for years absorbed in the revival of the scholastic subtleties respecting the so-called "Real Presence" in the Eucharist. It was his sermon on "National Apostasy," in 1834, which Dr. Newman always regarded as the birthday of the Oxford High Church movement—the "National Apostasy" being the suppression of the ten Irish bishoprics, of which its author lived to take so different a view that, if we may accept the whispered approbation* conveyed to Dr. Newman in 1865, he at last acquiesced without a murmur in the suppression of the whole Establishment.

It is not for the disparagement of a sacred and venerable memory that we have noticed these theological extremes in the author of the "Christian Year." It is in order to show what would be the results to the English Church of the series of legal prosecutions and judgments of late set on foot and threatened by one ecclesiastical party against the other. These prosecutions, from whichever side they start, have in common one most unpleasing and ungenerous peculiarity. Professing to wish to ascertain the law of the Church of England on some disputed doctrine, they choose for

* The passage is somewhat ambiguous. Dr. Newman (in his Letter, p. 518) seems to say that, "Had he been a member of the University of Oxford, he must have voted against Mr. Gladstone, because he was giving up the Irish Establishment." On this Keble whispered in his ear (he cannot recollect the exact words, but he took them to be), "And is not that just?" An earlier passage (p. 512) might suggest some doubt as to whether this really was his meaning. "Might not what — says about the Irish Church have somewhat the effect of a fire-brand? . . . I should have thought it discreet not to put the matter forward so prominently, unless a man saw his way to the mending of it." Besides the temporary interest of these passages, it is worth while to quote them as showing how small in Keble's eyes had in 1865 become the offence which in 1834 he regarded as "apostasy," and which had given the impetus to the whole movement of the "Tracts for the Times." These extreme oscillations of view are remarkable. Whilst they convey consolation to alarmists of all kinds, they show an instability of view not uncommon in all theological controversy, and seriously detracting from the oracular value of Keble's utterances.

* See the humorous but painful description of dealing with the poor idiot penitent, vol. I. p. 238.

† There are two or three exceptions, as, for example, the description of Arnold's "merry defiant moods in his younger days;"—"He only cackles and crows at anything anybody can say to him."—P. 131.

the case in which to try it some person or circumstance which presents the matter, not in the most abstract or inoffensive form, such as would really tend to the discovery of truth and law in its clearest, calmest aspect, but in the most exaggerated and exciting shape, such is most likely to raise a cloud of passion and prejudice — capable, if it be possible, of obscuring the atmosphere even of the most serene tribunal. And the effect is that, whilst it is but a "vile body" in which "the experiment" is made, the hostile conclusion sought to be arrived at would strike right and left at conscientious and scrupulous minds, too generous to turn aside from a brother in distress, too high-minded to avoid applying to themselves what was, in the first instance, meant for another. Thus, Mr. Gorham, with a somewhat peculiar tinge of Calvinistic opinion, was to be made the engine which was to expel the whole Evangelical party. Thus, Dr. Williams and Mr. Wilson, labouring under the accumulated odium of the "Essays and Reviews," and the Bishop of Natal, suffering from the extraordinary personal virulence excited in some degree by some needlessly trenchant expressions of his own, have been made the objects of attacks which, if the truth or falsehood of the doctrine and principles were at issue, must include in their range persons whom, for various reasons, no one ventures to assail.

Thus, in the present case, the batteries have been opened against an eccentric clergyman in Somersetshire, whose bald statements may have accidentally laid him open to assaults which, if they are sincerely aimed not against the person but the doctrine, must include — not to speak of great living names — the venerable author of the "Christian Year." The "Real Presence" in the Sacrament — whatever those two most ambiguous words may mean — and "the adoration" of that Real Presence — whatever that third equally ambiguous word may mean — was held by John Keble, if ever it was held by any one. It is true that he thought that there was no difference between saying, "Not in the hands but in the heart," or, "In the hands and not in the heart;" but this only proves, if it proves anything, the entirely futile character of the whole logomachy. If a judgment had been pronounced in his lifetime which had rendered it penal for an English clergyman to profess his belief in the Real Presence in the Eucharist, and in the lawfulness and duty of adoring that Real Presence, John Keble, if any man, would have been struck at, and excluded

from the pale of the Church of England. We ask, without fear of contradiction, Is there any English Churchman — nay, we might almost say, is there any English Non-conformist — who would not have regretted such a consummation? What would the Church of England have gained by losing from its ranks one of its most distinguished luminaries — one who has done more than any other man in our generation to endear its devotions to the nation? What would the country have gained, what would the lamented and respected victim himself have gained, by becoming the member, perhaps the leader — perhaps even the bishop — of a small exclusive bitter sect, which would have exaggerated all those inferior qualities which we have felt bound to notice, and dwarfed all those lofty qualities which have made his poetry and his character a treasure of the whole nation? It may be that these sinister internecine struggles of party against party will succeed in their attempt. There are many expressions in Articles and Rubrics which, if taken literally, would exclude every eminent man in the Church of England from its ministrations. *Di meliora piis*. Let us hope that these miserable efforts to narrow the National Church on either side may meet with their deserved frustration. Let us hope that the Supreme Court of Appeal, if indeed the litigation should ever reach that point, will act as a bulwark of liberty to those who have eagerly sought to restrain true freedom, as to those who have thankfully availed themselves of it. The point in dispute between the two parties is one which admits of no settlement, so long as they each insist on using scholastic words which have lost their meaning, or Biblical words which they have never defined. By taking the system as a whole — by balancing one part with another, by the forbearance which in private life all gentlemen and all Christians feel bound to exercise towards each other — the Church of England can still be maintained as a Catholic and as a national institution. Let us hope that in some future age there may yet, as far as our institutions are concerned, be room for another Arnold, another Milman, another Keble, to admire and revere each other, in the same Church, as at least by two of them the third was admired and revered.

These three men, amongst the departed lights of the English hierarchy in this century, were unquestionably the chief. Of these three, as of those other three whose*

* See the very interesting letter by Dr. Newman describing the interview between himself, Keble, and Dr. Pusey at Hursley. (Memoir of Keble, p. 520.)

last meeting is recorded in this volume, the thought arises in a still stronger and more significant form, as was expressed by Keble after that singular meeting and parting:—

“When shall we three meet again?
When the hurly-burly's done—
When the battle's lost and won.”

Or, as his biographer feelingly adds in Keble's own words:—

“When before the Judgment-seat,
Though changed, and glorified each face,
Not unremember'd ye may meet,
For endless ages to embrace.”

A. P. S.

From The Spectator.

THE SEA-GULLS IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

MR. SYKES obtained leave last week to bring in a Bill for the preservation of sea-gulls and other sea-birds from wanton destruction, by making the slaughter of them during the breeding months,—namely, between the 1st May and the 1st August,—a penal offence against the law, except for the *bond fide* purpose of being used as food. He stated that the wanton shooting of these birds, merely for the sake of shooting them, or for the sake of their feathers, not for food, in the breeding months, has already to a considerable extent deprived the English coast of its sea-fowl,—and that the East Riding of Yorkshire especially, and all the maritime counties of England to some extent, are really suffering from their destruction. Their disappearance injures three great interests, that of the farmers, the sailors, and the fishers, the sea-gulls serving the tillers of the soil in maritime counties by following the track of the plough in early spring and picking from the soil the grubs and worms,—serving the merchantmen in dark and misty weather by warning them by their screams of the approach to a rocky coast long before a signal gun could be heard or a beacon light seen, so that near Flamborough Head they are called “the Flamborough pilots,”—and serving the fishers by congregating in clouds above a shoal of fish, and so guiding the fishermen to their proper field of work. In the name of these interests, therefore, Mr. Sykes appealed to the House to protect the sea-birds in breeding time, just as salmon, partridges, pheasants, and other game are protected in breeding time by our game laws; but he added that though he brought forward his Bill mainly on the ground of the usefulness of these birds to man, he thought it had sufficient ground to rest upon on merely humanitarian grounds as well.

This last hint of Mr. Sykes's opens a very interesting discussion as to the political du-

ties of men towards the lower tribes of animals, which are, at best, very indirectly and accidentally represented in the House of Commons, if at all. It is fortunate for the sea-birds that they can establish a certain amount of identity of tangible interests with farmers, sailors, and fishermen, for the voices of farmers, sailors, and fishermen will count for a good deal in the House, if there be no organized hostile interest. But how far would there be a reasonable and just claim on behalf of these creatures, if no such subtle tie could be discovered between their interests and ours? Can we go so far as to say that every kind of living creature has a certain claim upon the protection of the State unless its existence can either be shown to be harmful to man, or its destruction can be shown to be useful to him? That we have a right to kill sharks which eat us,—and for the matter of that, even bottle-nosed whales, if they really run away with the herrings and other fishes which our fishermen catch and all of us like to eat,—is not, we suppose, disputable. That, for the same reasons, we may fairly protect the sea-gulls on the ground that they destroy worms and grubs which injure our corn and root-crops, that is, on the ground that they compete for existence with other living creatures which are, unless their multiplication is so checked, positively injurious to man, is also, we suppose, indisputable. But, so far, the argument for sparing them rests *solely* on their tendency to contribute to our benefit, or at least their tendency to contribute relatively *more* to our benefit, than the creatures upon which they feed, and the numbers of which would be more or less fostered by their destruction. But can we safely go any further, and say with Mr. Sykes, that on purely humanitarian grounds, there is a fair case against their destruction? In the case at least of all creatures which prey upon other creatures, all birds, for instance, which live on fish, and insects, and worms, is it tenable to say that they have any absolute claim on our protection, when

in reality that protection means *withholding* protection from the creatures which they destroy? If their animal tissues are solely supported out of other animal tissues, the *quantity* of life will perhaps not be greater if they are preserved than if they are destroyed; the only difference will be in the distribution of life between different tribes of animals; and, if the number of individual centres of enjoyment counts for anything, it may fairly be maintained that as one oyster-catcher must catch a great many fish in order to support its own life, a plausible humanitarian argument could be made out for the *slaughter* of such birds of prey. Will any one be bold enough to say which has the most moral claim on man's protection, the pelican, or the host of fishes with which, during his term of life, he fills and refills his pouch? Can we even go so far as to establish an equation between the claim on us of ten thousand worms and one robin redbreast? If we trust the plan of nature as a whole, there may be a prudential argument against disturbing, *blindly*, the 'natural' balance between one existing tribe of living creatures and another on which the former feeds, without knowing or in any way forecasting the results. It may be said that we are in danger of interfering with a balance of life that is more likely to be favourable to us than not, seeing that so many wanton interferences with it have turned out really hurtful to ourselves, — as in the case, for instance, of the wholesale slaughter of small birds. But can we go higher than this, and find any really humanitarian ground for protecting a tribe of animals from destruction, apart from calculations of prudence as regards our own interests?

One step higher we think we can go, — though we admit at once that we are utterly unable to measure the relative claims of different kinds of animals to our protection, until at least they reach a level high enough to be associated in some degree with man by common sympathies, and a sort of mutual regard. Every one feels that in the case of the horse, and the dog, and all domestic animals that attach themselves to man, there arises a certain amount of moral claim upon us, though one very inferior in kind to any corresponding claim of human beings. But without approaching this level, we think we may lay it down that, quite apart from mere prudential regard to human interests, it is a just and wise political object to curb the *wanton and wasteful* impulses of men, however displayed. It is impossible to contend that the wholesale slaughter

of sea-birds has any kind of *bond fide* justification on the ground that they live on other creatures. Those who destroy them for the sake of a mark to practise their skill upon, of course never for a moment even think of the prey that escape in consequence of the birds' destruction. All they think of is the pleasure of the act of destruction itself, or at best, the pleasure of the skill which is exercised in the act of destruction. If the latter be the motive, it is precisely the same as the motive of sportsmen in general, except so far as the sportsman does intend to use what he kills for food. But then even the sportsman recognizes that there is a point where his sport may become wanton, — and that point is where he destroys a great deal more life by his exercise of skill than is at all involved in the special shot, — if, for instance, by shooting in the breeding season he destroys not only the partridge he shoots at, but all the nest of young partridges as well. It may be said that the limitations imposed by the game laws are imposed solely as a protection to the amusement, not for the sake of the creatures themselves at all, — only lest the sport should fail by the failure of the breeds which the sportsman pursues. And this may be more or less true in fact. Still we believe that there is a still more important and legitimate political motive in these provisions — to curb the wantonness and wastefulness of man for the sake of curbing it, and not solely for the sake of protecting the source of his amusements. Every man who entails perfectly needless suffering by a shot, who sacrifices not only the individual bird aimed at, but also five or six others, — and that perhaps in a very miserable way, by starving them to death, — is fostering a sort of artificial contempt for the life of the creatures beneath him, which is likely enough to end in contempt for other higher creatures of his own species. It may be right to say that human skill and capacity for field sport are of more importance than the individual lives of birds, or other animals which are taken in training it. But it seems to us quite certain that, even in sport, there ought to be a *certain* consideration for the creatures sacrificed, that all unnecessary pain and injury should be sedulously avoided, and that it is a worthy political object even to curb the almost insolent wastefulness to which men are much more liable in following out their enjoyments, than in prosecuting the duties of their ordinary life.

CHAPTER VII.

NOT EASILY DIGESTED BY ONE OF THE GUESTS.

If Claus had heard in prison that Sonnenkamp had bought another country-house, he would certainly have exclaimed, —

"Yes, indeed. Of course he'll buy up the whole Rhineland yet." But he learned nothing of it.

The legal inquiry was protracted, and the Judge was sufficiently well disposed to draw up new papers for the interrogation of Eric and Roland at the villa; yet this unpleasant occurrence interrupted the course of instruction more than one could have believed.

Entertainments also were not wanting, for Roland one day announced to Eric: —

"Count Wolfsgarten is to give a grand fête; father and mother are rejoiced; and you and I are also invited."

Sonnenkamp was very well satisfied with Franken for having brought this about; Eric's coöperation was no longer of any account. It was settled with Franken, that Clodwig, who was the most influential member of the Committee for conferring nobility, should be gained over to favor the object now exclusively occupying their attention, and induced to take actively the initiative.

Sonnenkamp stood before his armory, and before the large money-safe built into the walls; here were many potent agencies, but they were of no help in this matter, where personal influence alone availed. He was despondent for a short time; then he proudly drew himself up, thinking that he had already succeeded in other undertakings, and here also there would not be wanting to him the requisite means.

He had a severe contest with Frau Ceres on the day they were to go to the fête; she wanted to wear all her jewelry to dinner, and even Fräulein Perini could not divert her from her purpose, by representing how irrefragably settled it was that no diamonds should be worn by daylight. Frau Ceres wept like a little child, and she preferred to remain at home if this pleasure was begrudged her.

Sonnenkamp entreated her to dress plainly, and not annoy the Countess by wearing jewels worth twenty times what she herself possessed; and it was promised her, that at the next fête given at the house, she might appear in full costume.

But Frau Ceres persisted in saying that she would not accompany them if she could not wear her jewels.

"Well, then," said Sonnenkamp, "I

will send a messenger to Wolfsgarten immediately, to inform them that you will remain at home."

He had a groom sent for at once, and gave him orders to saddle a horse, in order to ride immediately to Wolfsgarten. He went off. Frau Ceres' look followed him with a very angry glance; she was then the miserable child who must remain at home, when all the rest were going to the fête. After a time, she hastened to Sonnenkamp's room, and announced that she would go with them in the way they desired.

Sonnenkamp regretted that he had already sent the messenger off, and now Frau Ceres besought him, with tears, to send a second messenger announcing her coming. Sonnenkamp asserted that this was no longer possible, but finally yielded. He went himself to the stables, and had nothing further to do than to say to the groom, —

"Take off the saddle!" for he had not sent him away, knowing that Frau Ceres would, after a while, beseech him like a child.

They drove to Wolfsgarten. Frau Bella was extremely glad to be able to welcome the Cabinetsrätin; she was very amiable, and looked to-day lovelier than ever. She had a friendly word for everybody, and she was especially gracious to Eric. She thought that, at his last visit, he seemed to be a little out of tune, and she wished now to dissipate any such feeling by exhibiting a decided preference.

Eric received the friendly attention gratefully, but very coldly, as the sharp-eyed woman did not fail to perceive.

Sonnenkamp, who had quick perception, held his breath as a hunter does, when the game comes within range of his shot. Indeed, thought he, they know how to play a good game! The reputation of this house for virtue had hitherto weighed upon him somewhat, but now he moved about with a sort of home feeling.

It was a little court assembled here, and the etiquette, though savoring of rural freedom, was not the less precise. A large number of prominent personages were collected, and the fact was the more striking, because they were brought together from scattered points of country life; it was a group of separate and independent individuals drawn hither from their retirement. The larger portion were officers who had retired on pensions, or been honorably discharged from the service; there were red, yellow, and blue ribbons of different orders modestly tied in the button-holes; the old gentlemen had their hair carefully dressed, and their beards freshly colored;

the ladies showed that they had sojourned at Paris some weeks in the year to some purpose.

The conversation was carried on in French, out of regard to a French lady.

A celebrated musician had also been invited, now staying at the country-house of a brother-artist, who had married a former music-pupil, a rich heiress, and had gained a highly respectable standing in the neighborhood.

Except Eric, Herr Sonnenkamp and the musical-artist were the only untitled personages in the company; his genius raised the artist, and his millions the rich man, into the new atmosphere. The Wine-cavalier might already be considered as one of the nobility, for it was known that his whole family were to be ennobled very soon. The newly betrothed couple had also been invited, but on the day of the fete, a letter was received which contained the information, couched in courteous terms of regret, that the bridegroom, having been taken slightly ill, was unable to be present, and the bride had therefore remained at home. No one of the Wine-count's family made his appearance, except the Wine-cavalier, who expressed in renewed terms regret for the indisposition of his future brother-in-law.

A famous portrait-painter was also present, who had been for several weeks at the country-house of the Wine-count in order to paint life-size portraits of the betrothed couple. He was very much the fashion, and was very successful in pearls, lace, and gray satin, and also in faces, except that they all had a strong tinge of blue; but he was very popular with the court, and there could be no question but that he was the only man to paint the distinguished bride.

The Russian Prince was, of course, a star of the first magnitude. Sonnenkamp occupied the place of honor next to Frau Bella, and on the other side sat the Prince. Clodwig had Frau Ceres by his side, and the Major was very naturally seated next, as an efficient ally. Clodwig entertained Frau Ceres in a very friendly way, and she ate freely to-day, out of embarrassment, without Sonnenkamp's intervention.

Sonnenkamp had brought into play his old weapons of gallantry, but he seemed to have no success, for Bella did not half listen to him, giving much of her attention to the conversation of Eric with the Russian.

All at once the conversation between different individuals ceased, as the Prince asked Herr Sonnenkamp, —

"Do they also designate the slaves in America as souls?"

"I do not understand your meaning."

"I mean that in Russia we designate the serfs as souls: a man is said to have so many hundred or thousand souls; and do they call them so in America too?"

"No."

"It is questioned indeed," interposed Clodwig, "whether the niggers really have souls. Humboldt relates that the savages have the notion that apes also can speak, but that they purposely refrain from doing so, because they are afraid that they also shall be compelled to work if it is known that they can speak."

A general laugh proceeded from the company at table, and Clodwig added, —

"If we dig up the smallest vessel belonging to the Greek and Roman age, we discover always some sort of beauty; but, so far as I am acquainted, the niggers have never embodied a single new beautiful form."

"Neither have they," interposed the Prince, "as has been said, ever invented even a mouse-trap!"

"Not even that," replied Clodwig. "The question comes up, whether the negroes can be inheritors of civilization, for they are not inheritors of the beautiful human form as it has been handed down to us from Egypt, Greece, and Rome, and so cannot become cultivators of the plastic arts; and art alone is the ennobler of humanity. They cannot create the beautiful after their likeness; and as it is said, 'God made man after his image,' so man fashions his gods after his own likeness, which the negroes cannot do. Perhaps in the coming time they will create something for themselves, but not for others; and they are therefore not partakers of the inheritance, for they are not included in the great human brotherhood, which is not to be entered by force."

Sonnenkamp looked up; his whole countenance expanded. This is the utterance of a man whose love of humanity is not to be questioned.

"That is a fact!" he interposed. "There is no sentimentalism in America: our plain common-sense views are declared heterodox indeed by pedantic wisdom, and branded as inhumanity, but there is a priesthood of so-called humanity; and it has its inquisition as well as the other priesthood."

Sonnenkamp spoke with a concentrated scorn; with a repelling violence, which clearly showed how unsuitable he considered the topic introduced by the Prince, although he had done it in a most civil manner. Clodwig thought that he ought to come to his assistance, and he began in a low tone but became more animated as he went on.

"Whoever considers historical facts with coolness and impartiality sees that the Idea is continually unfolding, working long in stillness, but without cessation; and this silent working goes on, until some unexpected fact which has nothing in common with the Idea brings it into clear light and perfect development. The Idea only prepares the way by setting the tune; the fact is irrefragable, and performs an actual part."

Bella said something in a low tone to the Prince on her right, but Clodwig was well aware that it was meant for an apology for his somewhat heavy and abstract statement; with a hardly perceptible twinge of his face, and his lips drawn somewhat pointedly together, he resumed:—

"I am of the conviction, that without Sebastopol the emancipation of the peasants would not have been brought about, and in the way it has been; and who knows when and how it could have been accomplished in any other way? Saul goes forth to-day, as of old, to look for an ass, and finds a kingdom,—the kingdom of a regal, all-powerful Idea. The Crimean war was undertaken for the purpose of humiliating Russia, and it brought Russia to the measure of establishing a free peasantry, and renewing herself in her inner life. These are the great facts of history, and they are not our doing."

"That is new to me, surprisingly new," interposed the Prince, while Clodwig continued:—

"The Russian ambassador informed me that during the Crimean war the rumor was spread—no one knew its origin, and yet it was in all mouths—that every one who had fought at Sebastopol, or who had volunteered for the war to deliver the Emperor from the Allies, should have land given him as a free present at its conclusion. This was a fixed notion in all brains, and where did it come from? The idea of the emancipation of the serfs, which had been mooted for a long time in books and journals and among the higher classes of the community, now took deep hold of the imagination, and assumed a definite form in the consciousness of the people, becoming a fact plain as day, that required only the imperial decree to set its seal upon it."

Clodwig stopped, as if wearied, but he summoned up his strength afresh and cried: "This is the old grand saying: 'the swords shall be turned into ploughshares.'"

The entire company looked at each other with surprise, not understanding why and how Clodwig had fallen into such a strain; Eric alone gazed at Clodwig with a

beaming countenance. As a hand was placed upon his shoulder, he looked round, startled. Roland, standing behind him, said,—

"That is exactly what you once said to me."

"Sit down, and be quiet," said Eric. Roland went to his seat, but he waited until he caught Eric's eye, and then drank to him.

Bella looked around, as if wanting help to start some subject more befitting table-talk: she looked at Eric, and nodded to him, as if beseeching him to divert the conversation from these detestable matters.

Just then the servants poured out some Johannisberg in delicate pretty glasses, and Eric said, holding the glass up before him,—

"Herr Count, such wine as this the old nations never drank out of those stone jars which we have dug up from the ground."

Bella nodded to him cheerfully, but as he said nothing further, she asked,—

"Have we any precise information about the ancient method of cultivating the vine?"

"Very little," replied Eric. "The ancients probably had no notion of this bouquet, this spirit of the wine, for they drank it only unfermented."

"I am very far," interposed Sonnenkamp, "from laying any claim to classical lore, but it is very easily seen, that without the cutting of the vines there can be no maturing and full concentration of the sap in the clusters; and without the cask there can be no mellow and perfectly ripe wine."

"Without the cask? Why the cask?" asked the Russian. "Does the wood of the cask serve to clarify the wine?"

"I think not," answered Sonnenkamp, "but the wooden cask allows the air to penetrate, allows the wine to become ripe in the vaults, allows it to work itself pure,—in a word, to come to perfection. In vessels of clay the wine is suffocated, or, at best, experiences no change."

With great address, Bella added,— "That delights me; now I see that a progressive culture contributes to higher enjoyment even of the products of nature."

Sonnenkamp was highly pleased; he was here able to add something interesting, and he appeared in a very favorable light. Then the conversation was carried on between different individuals.

There was general cheerfulness and hilarity, and every painful impression seemed to have passed away: their faces glowed, and their eyes shone brightly, as the company arose from the table.

CHAPTER VIII.

HELP YOURSELF.

THE gentlemen sat by themselves in the garden, taking coffee after the ladies had withdrawn.

The Prince, who wanted to show manifest friendliness towards Sonnenkamp, spoke of his intention to travel in America, and Clodwig encouraged it, regretting that he had not done so in his youth.

"I think that he who has not been in America does not know what man is when he gives himself the reins: life there awakens entirely new energies in the soul, and in the midst of the struggle for worldly possessions, each one becomes a sort of Robinson Crusoe, who must develop in himself new resources. I should say that America has some points of comparison with Greece: in Greece the body was exhibited naked, and in America the soul. This is by no means the most attractive sight, but a renewal of humanity may yet be the result."

The Musician, who was about to make a professional journey to America, remarked, —

"I don't see how they live in a land whose soil grows no wine, and in whose air sings no lark."

"Allow me one question, Herr Count," Eric now said. "It is striking that they have been able to invent no new names in America, but have taken from the aboriginal inhabitants, and from the immigrants out of the old world, their names for rivers, mountains, towns, and men; and I would here like to ask,—has the new world succeeded in adding a new ethical principle to those already established?"

"Certainly," interposed Sonnenkamp, "the best that there is going."

"The best! What is it?"

"The two significant words, — 'Help yourself.'"

Shaking his head, Clodwig said, —

"Strictly speaking, 'Help yourself' is not a human, but an animal principle; for every beast helps himself with all his powers. This maxim was only justifiable as a protest against a polished and hollow conventionalism, or against that utter abandonment of individual effort in demanding every thing from the State. 'Help yourself' is a good motto for an immigrant, but as soon as he becomes a settler, he stands in relations of rights and duties as regards others. In the far west of America, 'Help yourself' does not apply, for there the neighbors help each other a great deal. 'Help yourself' is of avail, at farthest, for individuals by themselves, and not for those assembled

in a community: the serfs could not help themselves, and the slaves have not been able to help themselves. The moral law of solidarity is, — 'Help thy neighbor, as thy neighbor is to help thee; and when thou helpest thyself, thou helpest also others.'"

Here they came upon the subject so happily turned aside at table, but as no one seemed disposed to resume it, Clodwig continued, —

"It would seem that every people must become adopted as a citizen in the great realm of history, through some idea. I believe that the grand calling of America is, to annihilate slavery from the face of the earth. But as I said before, this is the carrying out of an idea that has been for a long time maturing. I should like to ask if America has any new moral principle?"

"Perhaps the sewing-machine is a new moral principle," said Franken, in his free, joking manner.

They laughed.

"But there is a moral principle involved in 'Help yourself,'" interposed Eric. "Among us Europeans, a man becomes something through inheritance, or through royal favor, while the American looks for nothing from others, and seeks to become what he can be through his own efforts, and not through any foreign help. And in respect to that belief which regards man as a pack of merchandise, to be forwarded by some agent to its heavenly destination, this maxim, 'Help yourself,' is very significant. Thou, man, art no coffer, well corded with legal prescriptions, and sealed by the spiritual officers of customs as having paid the duty and passed inspection, but thou art a living passenger on this earth, and must look out for thyself. Help yourself! Nobody forwards thee to thy destination; and we Germans have a proverb that comes near it in meaning: 'Each one must carry his own hide to market.'"

"May I ask a question?" said Roland, entering into the conversation.

All were surprised, especially Eric and Sonnenkamp.

"Ask it if you wish," Eric said encouragingly.

"When I heard the Herr Count speaking of the heritage of civilization, I felt as if I must ask: how do we know that we are civilized?"

The youth spoke with timidity, and Eric encouraged him.

"Explain more fully what you mean by that."

"Perhaps the Turks or the Chinese consider us barbarous."

"You would have, then," Eric said, to

help him on, "some unmistakable token whereby a people, an age, a religion, a man, can perceive whether they are in the great current of universal, historical civilization?"

"Yes, that is what I mean."

"Well, then, consider wherein does a cultivated man differ from an uncultivated?"

"He differs from him in having good thoughts and clear views."

"Where does he get these?"

"Out of himself."

"And how does he learn to sharpen them, and to round them off?"

"By comparing them."

"With what?"

"With the thoughts of great men."

"And does he perceive truth in agreement with others, or in opposition to them?"

"In agreement with them."

"And where do those live with whom he is in agreement?"

"All around him."

"Have not others lived before him?"

"Certainly."

"And can we compare our thoughts and views with those men who have lived before us, or learn directly from the past?"

"Certainly; that is what writings are for."

"Good! And if now a man, or a people, has a system or a culture which has no connection with the past, with no man and no people who have gone before, what is he?"

"No inheritor."

"I did not expect that answer, but I accept it; good! Then is a people, that invents no culture, in connection with humanity, or in a condition of isolation?"

"Of isolation."

"This is the way it stands, then. We know that we are in the centre, or rather in the advancing front, of a progressive civilization, because we have received an inheritance from the Past, from Persians, Jews, Egyptians, Greeks, and Romans, and we transmit it. The Turks and Chinese, who are not able to do this, stand by themselves and so decline. It is not pride which causes us Germans to consider ourselves in the front rank of civilization, for there is no nation that takes up more fully into itself, and carries on farther, the work of humanity than the German, or, we will say, the Germanic, for your father-land is also included."

"Bravo! bravo!" cried Clodwig, as they all rose. Clodwig went to Sonnenkamp and said, —

"Never was a recommendation better justified than mine of the Captain to you; and you are in the right, Herr Sonnenkamp.

I have learned something. — 'Help yourself' is a grand new principle: it is not a moral principle, but a preceptive formula. See how our friend teaches your son pre-eminently to help himself: this is the new Socratic method."

Eric and Roland had become now the central objects of the company; and the Prince, coming up to Eric and shaking hands with him, said, —

"You are really a teacher!"

A messenger came from the ladies to say that they would repair to the saloon, and the gentlemen went there in cheerful mood. The jovial Austrian officer, who had elevated to the nobility the daughter of a merchant in the neighboring commercial city, sang some comic songs; Pranken was prevailed upon to exhibit some sleight-of-hand tricks which he had learned from a juggler, and he did it in capital style; and finally, the musician played some tunes upon Clodwig's old violin.

Sonnenkamp embraced the favorable opportunity of speaking to Clodwig, as they were sitting together in a retired nook of the large saloon; he began with speaking of the interest which Roland was so fortunate as to excite in Clodwig, and he very readily acknowledged how great his interest was. Sonnenkamp felt his way along very cautiously, and there was an affecting, paternal tone in the manner in which he said that he had nothing more to desire in life for himself, and that his only wish was to have Roland established securely in an honorable position. Clodwig said he had no doubt that he had gained, and would continue to gain still further, by intercourse with Eric and by his instruction, a knowledge of life, and an introduction into it which would make him strong in himself, and insure at some time admittance into the society of the nobility.

Sonnenkamp fastened upon this expression, "the society of the nobility;" he had not studied in vain the natural history of bribery, and Clodwig must be won over by being made one of the nominating committee, and be bribed by the payment of shares in the new fancy-stock; but Clodwig conducted himself as if he had no idea what Sonnenkamp was aiming at. Sonnenkamp was so confused by this, that instead of requesting directly Clodwig's aid in accomplishing his purpose, he asked his advice; Clodwig discouraged him very decidedly, even saying plainly that it was not expedient to unite one's self with a dying institution, in which one would not feel at home. Sonnenkamp expressed gratefully his sense of obligation. Clodwig seized a favorable

opportunity to mingle among the guests, and Sonnenkamp could not again get possession of him.

They drove home in the bright daylight, the host and hostess accompanying them a part of the way. Sonnenkamp let Roland take a seat with his mother and Fräulein Perini, for he did not want to encounter the displeasure of his wife, who had stared frequently at Bella's splendid pearl necklace; he took Eric and the Major with him into the carriage.

"This, then, is German society! In our worthy host there is a good deal of the professor," said Sonnenkamp. No one made any reply.

He then said in English to Eric, that he deserved great praise for his tact, that in the presence of Roland, who was still so young, he put so reserved a face on his friendship for Clodwig and his beautiful wife. And he said, placing his hand on Eric's shoulder, —

"Young man, I could envy you; I know very well that you will deny all, but I congratulate you. The old gentleman is right; 'Help yourself' is no moral principle."

Eric could not positively assert the groundlessness of this insinuation, and he felt himself severely punished, by this inward condemnation, for having been guilty even in the slightest passing thought; and it was consolatory to him to be able to say: I can apply it to myself, I have tested the worth of 'Help yourself.'

Sonnenkamp also had his reflections upon the words, 'Help yourself,' and he was vexed at them. He was now seeking to attain something, and self-help could avail nothing in his efforts, but he must accept the help of others. He wished now to acquire an elevated position, and this is a very different thing from the acquisition of money, land, property, and goods; honor proceeds only from persons united by a social bond, and therefore others must help; and the noblest and most influential one, whose aid was essential, was reserved, and disinclined to render him assistance. It did not seem as if Clodwig could be won over to take his part.

CHAPTER IX.

THE WREATH.

REPEATED distractions broke in at short intervals on the course of study; but Frau Ceres was made happy by an opportunity to wear all her ornaments, and Fräulein Perini was happy in opening the trunk which arrived from Paris; there could not be more than two such dresses in the world,

of which the Empress had one, and Frau Ceres the other.

The old and highly respected family of the Wine-count had until now held back with unmistakable reserve from any intimate acquaintance with the family at Villa Eden, but now, after the dinner-party at Wolfsgarten, Sonnenkamp received an invitation to their wedding festival of their daughter and the son of the Court Marshal.

Eric had great difficulty in restraining his pupil from talking constantly about this great fête, for Roland had heard of the fireworks which were to be sent up from the Rhine and the wooded hills around, and every morning he said, "I do hope the weather will continue pleasant; it will be such a pity if it doesn't." He was often away with Pranken for several hours at a time, and returned very much excited, evidently keeping some secret from Eric, who did not ask any questions.

On the day of the fête, the General with whom the family had become acquainted in the capital arrived.

It was mid-day when they started, in three carriages, for the house of the Wine-count. Frau Ceres occupied one carriage with the General. She seemed to swim in a stream of drapery, so full and spreading were the folds of her dress. In the second and open carriage rode Sonnenkamp with Fräulein Perini and Pranken, in full uniform and wearing two orders. He accompanied them in order to make his appearance as a member of Sonnenkamp's family. Sonnenkamp said nothing, but his face showed how grateful he was to the young man, who had not only brought him the General as a guest, but was taking upon himself his introduction to the assemblage. In the third carriage sat Roland with Eric, who did very wrong, Roland thought, not to wear his uniform also.

A long line of carriages waited before the door of the Wine-count's villa, which stood broad and stately, on the high road, with well-arranged, shady grounds on each side. The General gave Frau Ceres his arm, and they were shown, by servants in rich livery, to the garden, through paths bordered with carefully-tended, fragrant flowers. At the foot of the garden steps the Wine-count met them, and begged the General to resign Frau Ceres to his care. Various groups were walking about the garden, or sitting on the pleasant grass-plots.

The Wine-count's wife, a tall, stout woman, had not heard in vain that she looked like the Empress Maria Theresa. She was dressed to-day quite in her imperial style, and wore a splendid diadem of brilliants.

Sonnenkamp was presented to the bridal pair. The bridegroom looked very weary, but the bride, with her wreath of roses, very animated; much regret was expressed that Manna was not at the fete with her family.

The Court Marshal expressed his pleasure at meeting Herr Sonnenkamp again, and at making the acquaintance of his wife and of his handsome son, of whom he had heard so much. A glow was thrown over the whole evening, when he said rather loudly, with evident intention, that Sonnenkamp had been most honorably mentioned at the Prince's table, on the preceding day. Frau Ceres, still wearing her white cape over her richly ornamented dress, was seated next the Court marshal.

The Wine-chevalier, wearing several orders, was moving about among the company. He was a man of good manners, having been in constant intercourse with all the aristocracy of Europe. In the time of Napoleon, when he was a jovial travelling agent for his father's firm, he had been employed by the wary Metternich on several missions, which he had carried through with much skill. There was scarcely a French General whom he had not known, and he had even conversed twice with Napoleon himself.

The Wine-count had three sons and three daughters; the oldest daughter was already married to an officer of noble family. Of the three sons, one had disappeared in America, after having squandered large sums of money for his father; the second was a member of a theatre orchestra in a capital of middle Germany, and it was said he had written to his father that, for his part, he would not be ennobled. The third and oldest son was the Wine-chevalier, who had striven very eagerly for the honor of nobility, and was very happy in his success.

The Wine-count was most cordial in his manner; there was a remarkable elasticity in the movements of the slender, white-haired old man. He went from guest to guest, with an appropriate friendly word for each, and on all sides received double congratulations, for on this very day the Prince had ennobled him. He expressed his thanks very modestly, for he could assure himself that he might have attained this honor two years before, but at that time there was a certain patriotic vertigo abroad which had seized even a wine-grower. He answered all the congratulations by saying that the Prince's great kindness made him extremely happy.

Sonnenkamp kept smiling to himself, looking forward to the time when he would

thus be courted also, and he prepared to receive the homage with modest thankfulness.

Frau Ceres sat in much discomfort next the Court Marshal, who left her to her own thoughts when he found that no conversation could be kept up. At last a pleasure came to her when the Cabinet minister's lady arrived, and expressed great pleasure at meeting her, as the Court Marshal gave his seat to her.

Still greater was Frau Ceres' happiness when Frau Bella also came up; even in this circle, where there were many of her equals, she seemed to take a leading position. She was very gracious to Frau Ceres, and begged her to take her arm to go into the garden-saloon, where the rich outfit of the bride was exhibited; there was a universal expression of admiration, and some glances of envy from those who returned from its examination.

Frau Ceres managed her long train very awkwardly, while Bella held hers up gracefully, and moved as if she were sailing through light clouds.

Sonnenkamp was greeted by the Russian Prince in a most friendly manner, and delighted at his shaking hands with him; but his pleasure was soon strewn with ashes, as the Prince said, —

"I forgot that you were to tell me some particulars of the treatment of the slaves; I'm afraid I shall not find any of them left, when I make up my mind to visit America."

He soon turned away, as the General was introduced to him. Sonnenkamp began to feel somewhat strange and neglected in the circle, but his countenance brightened as he saw Bella and Frau Ceres walking together so confidentially.

"You have hardly spoken to the Countess," he said to Eric.

"Ah, I'm thinking of something quite different," answered Eric. "I should like to hear our new Baron tell his servants: John, Peter, Michael, from this day you must address me as Gracious Herr, or Herr Baron. He must appear ridiculous to himself."

"Perhaps Doctor is a finer title," replied Sonnenkamp sharply; "or is that born with a person?"

Eric's remark irritated him, and he would have been glad to send him out of the company. But he suddenly became more amiable, as Bella approached and said to him,

"Do you know, Herr Sonnenkamp, what we are all really here for, and what this whole fete means? It is a christening feast, and our gracious Prince has played off a good joke. The Wine-dealer has striven for nobility so long, at last offering up his

daughter as a sacrificial lamb, that the Prince could not help granting it to him at last. And isn't it good that he has given him the name Herr von Endlich? (At Last.)

Then in a very amusing way she went on to describe how fine it would be if so old a candidate for baptism suddenly cried, I don't want that name, I want another.

Turning to Eric, she sketched the whole assemblage for him with apt, though somewhat malicious strokes. She ridiculed with most sarcasm a knot of young girls, who evidently could not forget the heavy weight of hair upon their heads, for the hair-dressers from the Baths and the Fortress had been hurrying, since early morning, from house to house, to deck out the girls' heads in proper company style. Bella mimicked the girls as they said to each other, "Please tell me if my chignon is still on."

With much merriment she pointed out a tall, lank Englishman, coming in sight with his stout wife and three slim daughters, who wore long curls and extraordinarily brilliant dresses. He lived in winter in the capital, in the summer at a country-seat, passing the time in angling, while his daughters were constantly drawing. He was considered very rich, and his wealth had a singular source; many years before, a brother of his wife had been sent to Botany Bay, and, being an experienced trader, had there succeeded in establishing a large export business, and laid the foundation of the family wealth.

Bella was full of charming humor, and Eric felt as if he had done her injustice. He had listened to the sharp judgment, the mental dissection, of Bella from the physician, when he ought to have contested it decidedly. He looked at her as if asking pardon for something, and she, well satisfied, showed a fresh cheerfulness, which was not wanting in magic power. She treated Eric with marked attention before the whole company.

Count Clodwig joined the group, and remarked that he was always surprised anew to see how many odd characters settled here on the banks of the Rhine. The Major stood apart and looked at Herr Sonnenkamp, as if he would say: I beg you, don't do this too; stay with us. It would be pleasant to me than to give her the prettiest bon-bons which I shall carry home, to be able to say to Fräulein Milch, What they say about Herr Sonnenkamp isn't true! For again had Fräulein Milch penetrated the well-guarded mystery.

Eric pitied the Major, who looked unusually dull, and he succeeded in getting at the cause of his low spirits, for the Major said,

"It's just as if a Christian were to turn Turk! Ah, you may laugh, but Fräulein Milch is right. All that beautiful money, which has been earned with so much trouble, is now to be thrown away on the nobles, and we commoners may stand aside, and never have any more notice taken of us."

Eric silently pressed the Major's hand, and the latter asked:—

"But where's Roland?"

Indeed, where was Roland? He had vanished soon after their arrival, and was nowhere to be seen. The evening came on gradually, and wonderfully beautiful music from wind instruments was heard in the thick shrubbery; for a while, the guests in the garden were silent, and then it seemed as if the music made them only the more talkative. Eric looked for Roland, but no one could tell him anything of him.

The music ceased, and darkness gathered. On the balcony of the house appeared a trumpeter, in a costume of the middle ages, and sounded a call; the company repaired to the house, up the steps to the great hall and the adjoining rooms. Here a few seats were placed; in the foreground, two great arm-chairs, dressed with flowers, for the bride and bridegroom; behind them, a line of chairs for the oldest and most distinguished guests.

Frau Ceres was conducted to a seat near Bella; Fräulein Perini had managed very adroitly to get near her and pull gently at her cloak. Frau Ceres understood, and all eyes, which had been resting on the bridal pair, now turned to her. Such ornaments, imitating a wreath of wheat-ears of which each grain was a great diamond, such a dress, sown thick with pearls and diamonds, were never before seen; a long-continued murmur of applause ran through the assembly.

Frau Ceres stood by her chair, as if rooted to the spot, till Bella begged her to sit down; she looked smilingly at the splendid jewels: it was all very well for the American woman to put those on, but she couldn't put on such a neck and arms as her own.

Now it appeared that one of the walls of the room was only a curtain, which was presently drawn up. Vine-dressers were discovered, who sang and spoke praises of the family, and finally presented a myrtle crown.

The curtain fell amidst the expressions of delight of the whole company, and as they were about to rise, a voice behind the curtain, cried:—

"Remain seated!"

The curtain rose again, and, behind a

thin gauze, Apollo was seen among shepherds and vine-dressers, and Apollo was Roland; the curtain had to be twice raised again, for all were enraptured with the tableau, and especially with Roland's god-like appearance. Bella nodded exultantly to Eric, who was standing apart; but he felt as if benumbed, as he asked himself what effect all this would have on Roland, and how Roland could have concealed it from him. It was not long before Roland joined the company in his ordinary dress; he was admired and praised on all sides, and nearly taken off his feet.

Frau Ceres was congratulated almost more than Roland, on her happiness in having a son of such divine beauty; repeated regrets were expressed that her daughter was not at the fête. Frau Ceres received all this most amiably, saying constantly: "I thank you most sincerely, you are very kind." Fräulein Perini had taught her her lesson.

New rooms were opened, where tables were spread, and the guests seated themselves.

Roland went to Eric.

"Are you the only one to say nothing to me?" he asked.

Eric was silent.

"Ah," Roland continued, "it has cost me much trouble to conceal anything from you,

and still more to be attentive for these last few days, but I wanted to surprise you."

Eric recovered himself, and decided that it would be best not to lay much stress on the matter, so that it might be less likely to have any hurtful effect; he only warned Roland to be careful not to take too much wine. The boy was so full of happiness that he preferred to sit near Eric, to show him that he was moderate, rather than to take a seat which was reserved for him at the table of the bride.

Pranken, who, with the portrait painter's aid, had arranged the tableau, was in a state of singular excitement this evening, for the idea kept ringing in his head that he might have married the Wine-count's beautiful daughter; here was new-varnished nobility, to be sure, but everything was made sure of; here would be now an attractive widow, or, better still, an attractive unhappy wife. He drove the thoughts away, however, saying to himself that he loved Manna.

As a former comrade of the bridegroom, and as friend of the family, Pranken proposed the toast to the bridal pair; he spoke well, and in a humorous tone, as was best, and the company were well pleased.

The discharge of a cannon gave notice that the fireworks were beginning, and the guests betook themselves to the veranda and the garden.

A BENIGN PURPOSE. The President elect, U. S. Grant, impressed with the integrity of purpose and the earnest friendship for the Indians, and desire to do them justice, evinced by the Society of Friends through the delegated members who recently advocated their claim — has caused letters to be written to certain Friends in Philadelphia. His desire is set forth "of inaugurating some policy to protect the Indians in their just rights, and enforce integrity in the administration of their affairs, as well as to improve their general condition." He requests a list of names of members of the Society of Friends who can be indorsed as suitable persons for Indian agents. He will encourage and protect any attempt which Friends shall make for the improvement, education and Christianization of the people. It cannot be doubted that well-disposed and patriotic citizens will approve the determination of the President elect, and that they will concur in his judgment that Friends are the true, disinterested counsellors of the aborigines. May this trust be wisely and conscientiously met and discharged. Let no one accept position

who is not prepared to recognize in every red man an object of our common Father's love and care, and perform the duty heartily as unto the Lord.

Friends' Review.

ANECDOTE OF SYDNEY SMITH.—It was at this same dinner (at the Foundling Hospital) that the great wit met with a retort that he was never tired of referring to afterward. He had been conversing, in the half-bantering manner in which he was inimitable, with his *vis-a-vis* at the table, a Swiss gentleman of education connected with his country's embassy at the Court of St. James, upon the relative merits of Swiss and English soldiers, and urged the superiority of the latter, inasmuch as *they fought for honor*, while the Swiss fought for *money*. "The fact is," answered the Swiss gentleman, "*we each of us fight for what each most wants.*"

Lippincott's Magazine.

CHAPTER LXIX.

THE TEMPTRESS.

Mr. Monk's bill was read the first time before Easter, and Phineas Finn still held his office. He had spoken to the Prime Minister once on the subject, and had been surprised at that gentleman's courtesy — for Mr. Gresham had the reputation of being unconciliatory in his manners, and very prone to resent anything like desertion from that allegiance which was due to himself as the leader of his party. "You had better stay where you are, and take no step that may be irretrievable, till you have quite made up your mind," said Mr. Gresham.

"I fear I have made up my mind," said Phineas.

"Nothing can be done till after Easter," said the great man, "and there is no knowing how things may go then. I strongly recommend you to stay with us. If you can do this it will be only necessary that you shall put your resignation in Lord Cantrip's hands before you vote or speak against us. See Mr. Monk, and talk it over with him." Mr. Gresham possibly imagined that Mr. Monk might be moved to abandon his bill, when he saw what injury he was about to do.

At this time Phineas received the following note from his darling Mary: —

"FLOODBOROUGH, Thursday.

"DEAREST PHINEAS, — We have just got home from Killaloe, and mean to remain here all summer. After leaving your sisters this house seems so desolate; but I shall have the more time to think of you. I have been reading Tennyson as you told me, and I fancy that I could in truth be a Mariana here, if it were not that I am so quite certain that you will come. And that makes all the difference in the world in a moated grange. Last night I sat at the window and tried to realize what I should feel if you were to tell me that you did not want me; and I got myself into such an ecstatic state of mock melancholy that I cried for half an hour. But when one has such a real living joy at the back of one's romantic melancholy, tears are very pleasant. They water and do not burn.

"I must tell you about them all at Killaloe. They certainly are very unhappy at the idea of your resignation. Your father says very little, but I made him own that to act as you are acting for the sake of principle is very grand. I would not leave him till he had said so, and he did say it. Dear Mrs. Finn does not understand it as well, but she will do so. She complains

mostly for my sake, and when I tell her that I will wait twenty years if it is necessary, she tells me I do not know what waiting means. But I will — and be happy, and will never really think myself a Mariana. Dear, dear, dear Phineas, indeed I won't. The girls are half sad and half proud. But I am wholly proud, and know that you are doing just what you ought to do. I shall think more of you as a man who might have been a Prime Minister, than if you were really sitting in the Cabinet like Lord Cantrip. As for mamma, I cannot make her quite understand it. She merely says that no young man who is going to be married ought to resign anything. Dear mamma — sometimes she does say such odd things.

"You told me to tell you everything, and so I have. I talk to some of the people here, and tell them what they might do if they had tenant-right. One old fellow, Mike Dufferty — I don't know whether you remember him — asked if he would be required to pay the rent all the same. When I said certainly he would, then he shook his head. But as you said once, when we want to do good to people one has no right to expect that they should understand it. It is like baptizing little infants.

"I got both your notes — seven words in one, Mr. Under-Secretary, and nine in the other! But the one little word at the end was worth a whole sheet of common words. How nice it is to write letters without paying postage, and to send them about the world with a grand name in the corner! When Barney brings me one he always looks as if he didn't know whether it was a love-letter or an order to go to Botany Bay. If he saw the inside of them, how short they are, I don't think he'd think much of you as a lover, nor yet as an Under-Secretary.

"But I think ever so much of you as both — I do, indeed; and I am not scolding you a bit. As long as I can have two or three dear, sweet, living words, I shall be as happy as a queen. Ah! if you knew it all. But you never can know it all. A man has so many other things to learn that he cannot understand it.

"Good-bye, dear, dear, dearest man. Whatever you do I shall be quite sure you have done the best. Ever your own, with all the love of her heart.

"MARY F. JONES."

This was very nice. Such a man as was Phineas Finn always takes a delight which he cannot express even to himself in the receipt of such letters as this. There is

nothing so flattering as the warm expression of the confidence of a woman's love, and Phineas thought that no woman ever expressed this more completely than did his Mary. Dear, dearest Mary. As for giving her up, as for treachery to one so trusting, so sweet, so well beloved, that was out of the question. But nevertheless the truth came home to him more clearly day by day, that he of all men was the last who ought to have given himself up to such a passion. For her sake he ought to have abstained. So he told himself now. For her sake he ought to have kept aloof from Mr. Monk. That very day, with Mary's letter in his pocket, he went to the livery stables and explained that he would not keep his horse any longer. There was no difficulty about the horse. Mr. Howard Macleod of the Treasury would take him from that very hour. Phineas, as he walked away, uttered a curse upon Mr. Howard Macleod. Mr. Howard Macleod was just beginning the glory of his life in London, and he, Phineas Finn, was bringing his to an end.

With Mary's letter in his pocket he went up to Portman Square. He had again got into the habit of seeing Lady Laura frequently, and was often with her brother, who now again lived at his father's house. A letter had reached Lord Brentford, through his lawyer, in which a demand was made by Mr. Kennedy for the return of his wife. She was quite determined that she would never go back to him; and there had come to her a doubt whether it would not be expedient that she should live abroad so as to be out of the way of persecution from her husband. Lord Brentford was in great wrath, and Lord Chiltern had once or twice hinted that perhaps he had better "see" Mr. Kennedy. The amenities of such an interview as this would be, had up to the present day been postponed; and, in a certain way, Phineas had been used as a messenger between Mr. Kennedy and his wife's family.

"I think it will end," she said, "in my going to Dresden, and settling myself there. Papa will come to me when Parliament is not sitting."

"It will be very dull."

"Dull! What does dullness amount to when one has come to such a pass as this? When one is in the ruck of fortune, to be dull is very bad; but when misfortune comes, simple dullness is nothing. It sounds almost like relief."

"It is so hard that you should be driven away." She did not answer him for a while, as he was beginning to think of his own case also. Was it not hard that he too

should be driven away? "It is odd enough that we should both be going at the same time."

"But you will not go?"

"I think I shall. I have resolved upon this — that if I give up my place, I will give up my seat too. I went into Parliament with the hope of office, and how can I remain there when I shall have gained it and then have lost it?"

"But you will stay in London, Mr. Finn?"

"I think not. After all that has come and gone I should not be happy there, and I should make my way easier and on cheaper terms in Dublin. My present idea is that I shall endeavour to make a practice over in my own country. It will be hard work beginning at the bottom — will it not?"

"And so unnecessary."

"Ah! Lady Laura — if it only could be avoided! But it is of no use going through all that again."

"How much we would both of us avoid if we could only have another chance!" said Lady Laura. "If I could only be as I was before I persuaded myself to marry a man whom I never loved, what a paradise the earth would be to me! With me all regrets are too late."

"And with me as much so."

"No, Mr. Finn. Even should you resign your office, there is no reason why you should give up your seat."

"Simply that I have no income to maintain me in London."

She was silent for a few moments, during which she changed her seat so as to come nearer to him, placing herself on a corner of a sofa close to the chair on which he was seated. "I wonder whether I may speak to you plainly," she said.

"Indeed you may."

"On any subject?"

"Yes — on any subject."

"I trust you have been able to rid your bosom of all remembrances of Violet Effingham."

"Certainly not of all remembrances, Lady Laura."

"Of all hope, then?"

"I have no such hope."

"And of all lingering desires?"

"Well, yes — and of all lingering desires. I know now that it cannot be. Your brother is welcome to her."

"Ah! of that I know nothing. He, with his perversity, has estranged her. But I am sure of this — that if she do not marry him, she will marry no one. But it is not on account of him that I speak. He must fight his own battles now."

"I shall not interfere with him, Lady Laura."

"Then why should you not establish yourself by a marriage that will make place a matter of indifference to you? I know that it is within your power to do so." Phineas put his hand up to his breast-coat pocket, and felt that Mary's letter — her precious letter — was there safe. It certainly was not in his power to do this thing which Lady Laura recommended to him, but he hardly thought that the present was a moment suitable for explaining to her the nature of the impediment which stood in the way of such an arrangement. He had so lately spoken to Lady Laura with an assurance of undying constancy of his love for Miss Effingham, that he could not as yet acknowledge the force of another passion. He shook his head by way of reply. "I tell you that it is so," she said with energy.

"I am afraid not."

"Go to Madame Goesler, and ask her. Hear what she will say."

"Madame Goesler would laugh at me, no doubt."

"Pshaw! You do not think so. You know that she would not laugh. And are you the man to be afraid of a woman's laughter. I think not."

Again he did not answer her at once, and when he did speak the tone of his voice was altered. "What was it you said of yourself, just now?"

"What did I say of myself?"

"You regretted that you had consented to marry a man — whom you did not love."

"Why should you not love her? And it is so different with a man! A woman is wretched if she does not love her husband, but I fancy that a man gets on very well without any such feeling. She cannot domineer over you. She cannot expect you to pluck yourself out of your own soil, and begin a new growth altogether in accordance with the laws of her own. It was that which Mr. Kennedy did."

"I do not for a moment think that she would take me, if I were to offer myself."

"Try her," said Lady Laura energetically. "Such trials cost you but little. You, both of us, know that." Still he said nothing of the letter in his pocket. "It is everything that you should go on, now that you have once begun. I do not believe in your working at the bar. You cannot do it. A man who has commenced life as you have done with the excitement of politics, who has known what it is to take a prominent part in the control of public affairs, can not give it up and be happy at other work. Make her your wife, and you may

resign or remain in office just as you choose. Office will be much easier to you than it is now, because it will not be a necessity. Let me at any rate have the pleasure of thinking that one of us can remain here — that we need not both fall together."

Still he did not tell her of the letter in his pocket. He felt that she moved him — that she made him acknowledge to himself how great would be the pity of such a failure as would be his. He was quite as alive as she could be to the fact that work at the bar, either in London or in Dublin, would have no charms for him now. The prospect of such a life was very dreary to him. Even with the comfort of Mary's love such a life was very dreary to him. And then he knew, he thought that he knew, that were he to offer himself to Madame Goesler he would not in truth be rejected. She had told him that if poverty was a trouble to him he need be no longer poor. Of course he had understood this. Her money was at his service if he should choose to stoop and pick it up. And it was not only money that such a marriage would give him. He had acknowledged to himself more than once that Madame Goesler was very lonely, that she was clever, attractive in every way, and, as far as he could see, blessed with a sweet temper. She had a position, too, in the world that would help him rather than mar him. What might he not do with an independent seat in the House of Commons, and as joint owner of the little house in Park Lane? Of all careers which the world could offer to a man the pleasantest would then be within his reach. "You appear to me as a tempter," he said at last to Lady Laura.

"It is unkind of you to say that, and ungrateful. I would do anything on earth in my power to help you."

"Nevertheless you are a tempter."

"I know how it ought to have been," she said. "I know very well how it ought to have been. I should have kept myself free till that time when we met on the braes of Loughlinter, and then all would have been well with us."

"I do not know how that might have been," said Phineas, hoarsely.

"You do not know! but I know. Of course you have stabbed me with a thousand daggers when you have told me from time to time of your love for Violet. You have been very cruel — needlessly cruel. Men are so cruel! But for all that I have known that I could have kept you — had it not been too late when you spoke to me. Will you not own as much as that?"

"Of course you would have been every-

thing to me. I should never have thought of Violet then."

"That is the only kind word you have said to me from that day to this. I try to comfort myself in thinking that it would have been so. But all that is past and gone, and done. I have had my romance and you have had yours. As you are a man, it is natural that you should have been disturbed by a double image. It is not so with me."

"And yet you can advise me to offer marriage to a woman—a woman whom I am to seek merely because she is rich?"

"Yes—I do so advise you. You have had your romance, and must now put up with reality. Why should I so advise you but for the interest that I have in you? Your prosperity will do me no good. I shall not even be here to see it. I shall hear of it only as so many a woman banished out of England hears a distant misunderstood report of what is going on in the country she has left. But I still have regard enough—I will be bold, and, knowing that you will not take it amiss, not say love enough for you—to feel a desire that you should not be shipwrecked. Since we first took you in hand between us, Barrington and I, I have never swerved in my anxiety on your behalf. When I resolved that it would be better for us both that we should be only friends, I did not swerve. When you would talk to me so cruelly of your love for Violet, I did not swerve. When I warned you from Loughlinter because I thought there was danger, I did not swerve. When I bade you not to come to me in London because of my husband I did not swerve. When my father was hard upon you, I did not swerve then. I would not leave him till he was softened. When you tried to rob Oswald of his love, and I thought you would succeed—for I did think so—I did not swerve. I have ever been true to you. And now that I must hide myself and go away, and be seen no more, I am true still."

"Laura—dearest Laura," he exclaimed.

"Ah, no!" she said, speaking with no touch of anger, but all in sorrow. "It must not be like that. There is no room for that. Nor do you mean it. I do not think so ill of you. But there may not be even words of affection between us—only such as I may speak to make you know that I am your friend."

"You are my friend," he said, stretching out his hand to her as he turned away his face. "You are my friend, indeed."

"Then do as I would have you do."

He put his hand into his pocket, and had the letter between his fingers with the purport of showing it to her. But at the moment the thought occurred to him that were he to do so, then, indeed, he would be bound forever. He knew that he was bound forever—bound forever to his own Mary; but he desired to have the privilege of thinking over such bondage once more before he proclaimed it even to his dearest friend. He had told her that she tempted him, and she stood before him now as a temptress. But it could be possible that she should not tempt in vain—or then that letter in his pocket must never be shown to her. In that case Lady Laura must never hear from his lips the name of Mary Flood Jones.

He left her without any assured purpose—without, that is, the assurance to her of any fixed purpose. There yet wanted a week to the day on which Mr. Monk's Bill was to be read—or not to be read—the second time; and he had still that interval before he need decide. He went to his club, and before he dined he strove to write a line to Mary; but when he had the paper before him he found that it was impossible to do so. Though he did not even suspect himself of an intention to be false, the idea that was in his mind made the effort too much for him. He put the paper away from him and went down and ate his dinner.

It was a Saturday, and there was no House in the evening. He had remained in Portman Square with Lady Laura till near seven o'clock, and was engaged to go out in the evening to a gathering at Mrs. Gresham's house. Everybody in London would be there, and Phineas was resolved that as long as he remained in London he would be seen at places where everybody was seen. He would certainly be at Mrs. Gresham's gathering; but there was an hour or two before he need go home to dress, and as he had nothing to do, he went down to the smoking-room of his club. The seats were crowded, but there was one vacant; and before he had looked about him to scrutinize his neighborhood, he found that he had placed himself with Bonteen on his right hand and Ratler on his left. There were no two men in all London whom he more thoroughly disliked; but it was too late for him to avoid them now.

They instantly attacked him, first on one side and then on the other. "So I am told you are going to leave us," said Bonteen.

"Who can have been ill-natured enough to whisper such a thing?" replied Phineas.

"The whispers are very loud, I can tell you," said Ratler. "I think I know al-

ready pretty nearly how every man in the House will vote, and I have not got your name down on the right side."

"Change it, for heaven's sake," said Phineas.

"I will, if you'll tell me seriously that I may," said Ratler.

"My opinion is," said Bonteen, "that a man should be known either as a friend or foe. I respect a declared foe."

"Know me as a declared foe then," said Phineas, "and respect me."

"That's all very well," said Ratler, "but it means nothing. I've always had a sort of fear about you, Finn, that you would go over the traces some day. Of course it's a very grand thing to be independent."

"The finest thing in the world," said Bonteen; "only so d——d useless."

"But a man shouldn't be independent and stick to the ship at the same time. You forget the trouble you cause, and how you upset all calculations."

"I hadn't thought of the calculations," said Phineas.

"The fact is, Finn," said Bonteen, "you are made of clay too fine for office. I've always found it has been so with men from your country. You are the grandest horses in the world to look at out on a prairie, but you don't like the slavery of harness."

"And the sound of a whip over our shoulders sets us kicking — does it not, Ratler?"

"I shall show the list to Gresham to-morrow," said Ratler, "and of course he can do as he pleases; but I don't understand this kind of thing."

"Don't you be in a hurry," said Bonteen. "I'll bet you a sovereign Finn votes with us yet. There's nothing like being a little coy to set off a girl's charms. I'll bet a sovereign, Ratler, that Finn goes out into the lobby with you and me against Monk's bill."

Phineas not being able to stand any more of this most unpleasant rillery, got up and went away. The club was distasteful to him, and he walked off and sauntered for a while about the park. He went down by the Duke of York's column as though he were going to his office, which of course was closed at this hour, but turned round when he got beyond the new public buildings — buildings which he was never destined to use in their completed state — and entered the gates of the enclosure, and wandered on over the bridge across the water. As he went his mind was full of thought. Could it be good for him to give up every thing for a fair face? He swore to himself that of all women he had ever seen, Mary was the sweetest and the dearest and the

best. If it could be well to lose the world for a woman, it would be well to lose it for her. Violet, with all her skill, and all her strength, and all her grace, could never have written such a letter as that which he still held in his pocket. The best charm of a woman is that she should be soft, and trusting, and generous; and who ever had been more soft, more trusting, and more generous than his Mary? Of course he would be true to her, though he did lose the world. But to yield such a triumph to the Ratlers and Bonteens whom he left behind him — to let them have their will over him — to know that they would rejoice scurrilously behind his back over his downfall! The feeling was terrible to him. The last words which Bonteen had spoken made it impossible now to him to support his old friend Mr. Monk. It was not only what Bonteen had said, but that the words of Mr. Bonteen so plainly indicated what would be the words of all the other Bonteens. He knew that he was weak in this. He knew that had he been strong, he would have allowed himself to be guided — if not by the firm decision of his own spirit — by the counsels of such men as Mr. Gresham and Lord Cantrip, and not by the sarcasms of the Bonteens and Ratlers of official life. But men who sojourn amid savagery fear the muskito more than they do the lion. He could not bear to think that he should yield his blood to such a one as Bonteen.

And he must yield his blood unless he could vote for Mr. Monk's motion, and hold his ground afterward among them all in the House of Commons. He would at any rate see the session out, and try a fall with Mr. Bonteen when they should be sitting on different benches — if ever fortune should give him an opportunity. And in the mean time what should he do about Madame Goesler? What a fate was his to have the handsomest woman in London with thousands and thousands a year at his disposal! For — so he now swore to himself — Madame Goesler was the handsomest woman in London, as Mary Flood Jones was the sweetest girl in all the world.

He had not arrived at any decision so fixed as to make him comfortable when he went home and dressed for Mrs. Gresham's party. And yet he knew — he thought that he knew that he would be true to Mary Flood Jones.

CHAPTER LXX.

THE PRIME MINISTER'S HOUSE.

THE rooms and passages and staircases at Mrs. Gresham's house were very crowded

when Phineas arrived there. Men of all shades of politics were there, and the wives and daughters of such men; and there was a streak of royalty in one of the saloons, and a whole rainbow of foreign ministers with their stars, and two blue ribbons were to be seen together on the first landing-place with a stout lady between them carrying diamonds enough to load a pannier. Everybody was there. Phineas found that even Lord Chiltern was come, as he stumbled across his friend on the first foot-ground that he gained in his ascent toward the rooms. "Halloa — you here?" said Phineas. "Yes, by George!" said the other, "but I am going to escape as soon as possible. I've been trying to make my way up for the last hour, but could never get round that huge promontory there. Laura was more persevering." "Is Kennedy here?" Phineas whispered. "I do not know," said Chiltern, "but she was determined to run the chance."

A little higher up—for Phineas was blessed with more patience than Lord Chiltern possessed—he came upon Mr. Monk. "So you are still admitted privately," said Phineas.

"Oh dear, yes—and we have just been having a most friendly conversation with him. What a man he is! He knows every thing. He is so accurate; so just in the abstract—and in the abstract so generous!"

"He has been very generous to me in detail as well as in abstract," said Phineas.

"Ah! yes; I am not thinking of individuals exactly. His want of generosity is to large masses—to a party, to classes, to a people; whereas his generosity is for mankind at large. He assumes the god, affects to nod, and seems to shake the spheres. But I have nothing to say against him. He has asked me here to-night, and has talked to me most familiarly."

"What do you think of your chance of a second reading?" asked Phineas.

"What do you think of it?—you hear more of those things than I do."

"Everybody says it will be a close division."

"I never expected it," said Mr. Monk.

"Nor I—till I heard what Daubeny said at the first reading. They will all vote for the bill en masse—hating it in their hearts all the time."

"Let us hope they are not so bad as that."

"It is the way with them always. They do all our work for us—sailing either on one tack or the other. That is their use in creation, that when we split among ourselves as we always do, they come in and finish

our job for us. It must be unpleasant for them to be always doing that which they always say should never be done at all."

"Wherever the gift horse may come from, I shall not look it in the mouth," said Mr. Monk. "There is only one man in the House whom I hope I may not see in the lobby with me, and that is yourself."

"The question is decided now," said Phineas.

"And how is it decided?"

Phineas could not tell his friend that a question of so great magnitude to him had been decided by the last sting which he had received from an insect so contemptible as Mr. Bonteen, but he expressed the feeling as well as he knew how to express it. "Oh, I shall be with you. I know what you are going to say, and I know how good you are. But I could not stand it. Men are beginning already to say things which almost make me get up and kick them. If I can help it, I will give occasion to no man to hint anything to me which can make me be so wretched as I have been to-day. Pray do not say anything more. My idea is that I shall resign to-morrow."

"Then I hope that we may fight the battle side by side," said Mr. Monk, giving him his hand.

"We will fight the battle side by side," replied Phineas.

After that he pushed his way still higher up the stairs, having no special purpose in view, not dreaming of any such success as that of reaching his host or hostess—merely feeling that it should be a point of honor with him to make a tour through the rooms before he descended the stairs. The thing, he thought, was to be done with courage and patience, and this might, probably, be the last time in his life that he would find himself in the house of a Prime Minister. Just at the turn of the balustrade at the top of the stairs, he found Mr. Gresham in the very spot on which Mr. Monk had been discussing him. "Very glad to see you," said Mr. Gresham. "You, I find, are a persevering man, with a genius for getting upward."

"Like the sparks," said Phineas.

"Not quite so quickly," said Mr. Gresham.

"But with the same assurance of speedy loss of my little light."

It did not suit Mr. Gresham to understand this, so he changed the subject.

"Have you seen the news from America?"

"Yes, I have seen it, but do not believe it."

"Ah! you have such faith in a combination of British colonies, properly backed in

Downing Street, as to think them strong against a world in arms. In your place I should hold to the same doctrine—hold to it stoutly."

"And you do now, I hope, Mr. Gresham?"

"Well—yes—I am not downhearted. But I confess to a feeling that the world would go on even though we had nothing to say to a single province in North America. But that is for your private ear. You are not to whisper that in Downing Street." Then there came up somebody else, and Phineas went on upon his slow course. He had longed for an opportunity to tell Mr. Gresham that he could go to Downing Street no more, but such opportunity had not reached him.

For a long time he found himself stuck close by the side of Miss Fitzgibbon—Miss Aspasia Fitzgibbon—who had once relieved him from terrible pecuniary anxiety by paying for him a sum of money which was due by him on her brother's account. "It's a very nice thing to be here, but one does get tired of it," said Miss Fitzgibbon.

"Very tired," said Phineas.

"Of course it is a part of your duty, Mr. Finn. You are on your promotion and are bound to be here. When I asked Laurence to come, he said there was nothing to be got till the cards were shuffled again."

"They'll be shuffled very soon," said Phineas.

"Whatever colour comes up, you'll hold trumps, I know," said the lady. "Some hands always hold trumps." He could not explain to Miss Fitzgibbon that it would never again be his fate to hold a single trump in his hand; so he made another fight, and got on a few steps further.

He said a word as he went to half a dozen friends—as friends went with him.

He was detained for ten minutes by Lady Baldock, who was very gracious and very disagreeable. She told him that Violet was in the room but where she did not know. "She is somewhere with Lady Laura, I believe; and really, Mr. Finn, I do not like it." Lady Baldock had heard that Phineas had quarrelled with Lord Brentford, but had not heard of the reconciliation. "Really, I do not like it. I am told that Mr. Kennedy is in the house, and nobody knows what may happen."

"Mr. Kennedy is not likely to say anything."

"One cannot tell. And when I hear that a woman is separated from her husband, I always think that she must have

been imprudent. It may be uncharitable, but I think it is most safe so to consider."

"As far as I have heard the circumstances, Lady Laura was quite right," said Phineas.

"It may be so. Gentlemen will always take the lady's part—of course. But I should be very sorry to have a daughter separated from her husband—very sorry."

Phineas, who had nothing now to gain from Lady Baldock's favor, left her abruptly, and went on again. He had a great desire to see Lady Laura and Violet together, though he could hardly tell himself why. He had not seen Miss Effingham since his return from Ireland, and he thought if he met her alone he could hardly have talked to her with comfort; but he knew that if he met her with Lady Laura, she could greet him as a friend, and speak to him as though there were no cause for embarrassment between them. But he was so far disappointed, that he suddenly encountered Violet alone. She had been leaning on the arm of Lord Baldock, and Phineas saw her cousin leave her. But he would not be such a coward as to avoid her, especially as he knew that she had seen him. "Oh, Mr. Finn!" she said, "do you see that?"

"See what?"

"Look. There is Mr. Kennedy. We had heard that it was possible, and Laura made me promise that I would not leave her." Phineas turned his head, and saw Mr. Kennedy standing with his back bolt upright against a door-post, with his brow as black as thunder. "She is just opposite to him, where he can see her," said Violet. "Pray take me to her. He will think nothing of you, because I know that you are still friends with both of them. I came away because Gresham wanted to introduce me to Lady Mouser. You know he is going to marry Miss Mouser."

Phineas, not caring much about Lord Baldock and Miss Mouser, took Violet's hand upon his arm, and very slowly made his way across the room to the spot indicated. There they found Lady Laura alone, sitting under the upas-tree influence of her husband's gaze. There was a concourse of people between them, and Mr. Kennedy did not seem inclined to make any attempt to lessen the distance. But Lady Laura had found it impossible to move while she was under her husband's eyes.

"Mr. Finn," she said, "could you find Oswald? I know he is here."

"He has gone," said Phineas. "I was speaking to him down stairs."

"You have not seen my father? He said he would come."

"I have not seen him, but I will search."

"No—it will do no good. I cannot stay. His carriage is there, I know—waiting for me." Phineas immediately started off to have the carriage called, and promised to return with as much celerity as he could use. As he went, making his way much quicker through the crowd than he had done when he had no such object for haste, he purposely avoided the door by which Mr. Kennedy had stood. It would have been his nearest way, but his present service, he thought, required that he should keep aloof from the man. But Mr. Kennedy passed through the door and intercepted him in his path.

"Is she going?" he asked.

"Well—yes. I dare say she may before long. I shall look for Lord Brentford's carriage by-and-by."

"Tell her she need not go because of me. I shall not return. I shall not annoy her here. It would have been much better that a woman in such a plight should not have come to such an assembly."

"You would not wish her to shut herself up."

"I would wish her to come back to the home that she has left, and, if there be any law in the land, she shall be made to do so. You tell her that I say so." Then Mr. Kennedy fought his way down the stairs, and Phineas followed in his wake.

About half an hour afterwards Phineas returned to the two ladies with tidings that the carriage would be at hand as soon as they could be below. "Did he see you?" said Lady Laura.

"Yes, he followed me."

"And did he speak to you?"

"Yes—he spoke to me."

"And what did he say?" And then, in the presence of Violet, Phineas gave the message. He thought it better that it should be given; and were he to decline to deliver it now, it would never be given.

"Whether there be law in the land to protect me, or whether there be none, I will never live with him," said Lady Laura. "Is a woman like a head of cattle, that she can be stalked by force? I will never live with him though all the judges of the land should decide that I must do so."

Phineas thought much of all this as he went to his solitary lodgings. After all, was not the world much better with him than it was with either of those two wretched married beings? And why? He had not, at any rate as yet, sacrificed for money or social gains any of the instincts of his nature. He had been fickle, foolish, vain,

uncertain, and perhaps covetous—but as yet he had not been false. Then he took out Mary's last letter and read it again.

CHAPTER LXXI.

COMPARING NOTES.

It would, perhaps, be difficult to decide—between Lord Chiltern and Miss Effingham—which had been most wrong, or which had been nearest to the right, in the circumstances which had led to their separation. The old lord, wishing to induce his son to undertake work of some sort, and feeling that his own efforts in this direction were worse than useless, had closeted himself with his intended daughter-in-law, and had obtained from her a promise that she would use her influence with her lover. "Of course I think it right that he should do something," Violet had said. "And he will if you bid him," replied the earl. Violet expressed a great doubt as to this willingness of obedience; but nevertheless she promised to do her best, and she did her best. Lord Chiltern, when she spoke to him, knit his brows with an apparent ferocity of anger which his countenance frequently expressed without any intention of ferocity on his part. He was annoyed, but was not savagely disposed to Violet. As he looked at her, however, he seemed to be very savagely disposed. "What is it you would have me do?" he said.

"I would have you choose some occupation, Oswald."

"What occupation? What is it that you mean? Ought I to be a shoemaker?"

"Not that by preference, I should say; but that if you please." When her lover had frowned at her, Violet had resolved—had strongly determined, with inward assertions of her own rights—that she would not be frightened by him.

"You are talking nonsense, Violet. You know that I cannot be a shoemaker."

"You may go into Parliament."

"I neither can, nor would I if I could. I dislike the life."

"You might farm."

"I cannot afford it."

"You might—might do anything. You ought to do something. You know that your father is right in what he says."

"That is easily asserted, Violet; but it would, I think, be better that you should take my part than my father's, if it be that you intend to be my wife."

"You know that I intend to be your wife; but would you wish that I should respect my husband?"

"And will you not do so if you marry me?" he asked.

Then Violet looked into his face and saw that the frown was blacker than ever. The great mark down his forehead was deeper and more like an ugly wound than she had ever seen it; and his eyes sparkled with anger; and his face was red as with fiery wrath. If it was so with him when she was no more than engaged to him, how would it be when they should be man and wife? At any rate, she would not fear him—not now at least. "No, Oswald," she said. "If you resolve upon being an idle man, I shall not respect you. It is better that I should tell you the truth."

"A great deal better," he said.

"How can I respect one whose whole life will be—will be——"

"Will be what?" he demanded with a loud shout.

"Oswald, you are very rough with me."

"What do you say that my life will be?"

Then she again resolved that she would not fear him. "It will be discreditable," she said.

"It shall not discredit you," he replied.

"I will not bring disgrace on one I have loved so well. Violet, after what you have said, we had better part." She was still proud, still determined, and they did part.

Though it nearly broke her heart to see him leave her, she bade him go. She hated herself afterward for her severity to him; but nevertheless, she would not submit to recall the words which she had spoken. She had thought him to be wrong, and, so thinking, had conceived it her duty and her privilege to tell him what she thought. But she had no wish to lose him—no wish not to be his wife even, though he should be as idle as the wind. She was so constituted that she had never allowed him or any other man to be master of her heart—till she had with a full purpose given her heart away. The day before she had resolved to give it to one man, she might, I think, have resolved to give it to another. Love had not conquered her, but had been taken into her service. Nevertheless, she could not now rid herself of her servant, when she found that her service would stand her no longer in good stead. She parted from Lord Chiltern with an assent, with an assured brow, and with much dignity in her gait; but as soon as she was alone she was a prey to remorse. She had declared to the man who was to have been her husband that his life was discreditable—and, of course, no man would bear such

language. Had Lord Chiltern borne it, he would not have been worthy of her love.

She herself told Lady Laura and Lord Brentford what had occurred—and had told Lady Baldock also. Lady Baldock had, of course triumphed—and Violet sought her revenge by swearing that she would regret forever the loss of so inestimable a gentleman. "Then why have you given him up, my dear?" demanded Lady Baldock. "Because I found that he was too good for me," said Violet. It may be doubted whether Lady Baldock was not justified, when she declared that her niece was to her a care so harassing that no aunt known in history had ever been so troubled before.

Lord Brentford had fussed and fumed, and had certainly made things worse. He had quarrelled with his son, and then made it up, and then quarrelled again—swearing that the fault must all be attributed to Chiltern's stubbornness and Chiltern's temper. Latterly, however, by Lady Laura's intervention, Lord Brentford and his son had again been reconciled, and the earl endeavored manfully to keep his tongue from disagreeable words, and his face from evil looks, when his son was present. "They will make it up," Lady Laura had said, "if you and I do not attempt to make it up for them. If we do, they will never come together." The earl was convinced, and did his best. But the task was very difficult to him. How was he to keep his tongue off his son, while his son was daily saying things of which any father—any such father as Lord Brentford—could not but disapprove. Lord Chiltern professed to disbelieve even in the wisdom of the House of Lords, and on one occasion asserted that it must be a great comfort to any Prime Minister to have three or four old women in the Cabinet. The father, when he heard this, tried to rebuke his son tenderly, strove even to be jocular. It was the one wish of his heart that Violet Effingham should be his daughter-in-law. But even with this wish he found it very hard to keep his tongue off Lord Chiltern.

When Lady Laura discussed the matter with Violet, Violet would always declare that there was no hope. "The truth is," she said on the morning of that day on which they both went to Mrs. Gresham's, "that though we like each other—love each other, if you choose to say so—we are not fit to be man and wife."

"And why not fit?"

"We are too much alike. Each is too violent, too headstrong, and too masterful."

"You, as the woman, ought to give way," said Lady Laura.

"But we do not always do just what we ought."

"I know how difficult it is for me to advise, seeing to what a pass I have brought myself."

"Do not say that, dear. Or rather do say it, for we have, both of us, brought ourselves to what you call a pass—to such a pass that we are like to be able to live together and discuss it for the rest of our lives. The difference is, I take it, that you have not to accuse yourself, and that I have."

"I can not say that I have not to accuse myself," said Lady Laura. "I do not know that I have done much wrong to Mr. Kennedy since I married him; but in marrying him I did him a grievous wrong."

"And he has avenged himself."

"We will not talk of vengeance. I believe that he is wretched, and I know that I am—and that has come of the wrong that I have done."

"I will make no man wretched," said Violet.

"Do you mean that your mind is made up against Oswald?"

"I mean that, and I mean much more. I say that I will make no man wretched. Your brother is not the only man so weak as to be willing to run the hazard."

"There is Lord Fawn."

"Yes, there is Lord Fawn, certainly. Perhaps I should not do him much harm; but then I should do him no good."

"And poor Phineas Finn."

"Yes—there is Mr. Finn. I will tell you something, Laura. The only man I ever saw in the world whom I have thought for a moment that it was possible that I should like—like enough to love as my husband—except your brother, was Mr. Finn."

"And now?"

"Oh—now; of course that is over," said Violet.

"It is over?"

"Quite over. Is he not going to marry Madame Goesler? I suppose all that is fixed by this time. I hope she will be good to him, and gracious, and let him have his own way, and give him his tea comfortably when he comes up tired from the House; for I confess that my heart is a little tender toward Phineas still. I should not like to think that he had fallen into the hands of a female Philistine."

"I do not think he will marry Madame Goesler."

"Why not?"

"I can hardly tell you—but I do not think he will. And you loved him once—eh, Violet?"

"Not quite that, my dear. It has been

difficult with me to love. The difficulty with most girls, I fancy, is not to love. Mr. Finn, when I came to measure him in my mind, was not small, but he was never quite tall enough. One feels one's self to be a sort of recruiting sergeant, going about with a standard of inches. Mr. Finn was just half an inch too short. He lacks something in individuality. He is a little too much a friend to everybody."

"Shall I tell you a secret, Violet?"

"If you please, dear; though I fancy it is one I know already."

"He is the only man whom I ever loved," said Lady Laura.

"But it was too late when you learned to love him," said Violet.

"It was too late, when I was so sure of it as to wish that I had never seen Mr. Kennedy. I felt it coming over me, and I argued with myself that such a marriage would be bad for us both. At that moment there was trouble in the family, and I had not a shilling of my own."

"You had paid it for Oswald."

"At any rate, I had nothing—and he had nothing. How could I have dared to think even, of such a marriage?"

"Did he think of it, Laura?"

"I suppose he did."

"You know he did. Did you not tell me before?"

"Well—yes. He thought of it. I had come to some foolish, half-sentimental resolution as to friendship, believing that he and I could be knit together by some adhesion of fraternal affection that should be void of offence to my husband; and in furtherance of this he was asked to Loughlinter when I went there, just after I had accepted Robert. He came down, and I measured him too, as you have done. I measured him, and I found that he wanted nothing to come up to the height required by my standard. I think I knew him better than you did."

"Very possibly—but why measure him at all, when such measurement was useless?"

"Can one help such things? He came to me one day as I was sitting up by the Linter. You remember the place, where it makes its first leap."

"I remember it well."

"So do I. Robert had shown it me as the fairest spot in Scotland."

"And there this lover of ours sang his song to you?"

"I do not know what he told me then; but I know that I told him that I was engaged; and I felt when I told him so that my engagement was a sorrow to me. And it has been a sorrow from that day to this."

"And the hero, Phineas — he is still dear to you?"

"Dear to me?"

"Yes. You would have hated me, had he become my husband. And you will hate Madame Goesler when she becomes his wife?"

"Not in the least. I am no dog in the manger. I have even gone so far as almost to wish, at certain moments, that you should accept him."

"And why?"

"Because he wished it so heartily."

"One can hardly forgive a man for such speedy changes," said Violet.

"Was I not to forgive him — I, who had turned myself away from him with a fixed purpose the moment that I found that he had made a mark upon my heart? I could not wipe off the mark, and yet I married. Was he not to try to wipe off the mark?"

"It seems that he wiped it off very quickly — and since that he has wiped off another mark. One doesn't know how many marks he has wiped off. They are like the inn-keeper's score, which he makes in chalk. A damp cloth brings them all away, and leaves nothing behind."

"What would you have?"

"There should be a little notch on the stick — to remember by," said Violet. "Not that I complain, you know. I can not complain, as I was not notched myself."

"You are silly, Violet."

"In not having allowed myself to be notched by this great champion?"

"A man like Mr. Finn has his life to deal with — to make the most of it, and to divide it between work, pleasure, duty, ambition, and the rest of it as best he may. If he have any softness of heart, it will be necessary to him that love should bear a part in all these interests. But a man will be a fool who will allow love to be the master of them all. He will be one whose mind is so ill-balanced as to allow him to be the victim of a single wish. Even in a woman passion such as that is evidence of weakness, and not of strength."

"It seems, then, Laura, that you are weak."

"And if I am, does that condemn him? He is a man, if I judge him rightly, who will be constant as the sun, when constancy can be of service."

"You mean that the future Mrs. Finn will be secure?"

"That is what I mean — and that you or I, had either of us chosen to take his name, might have been quite secure. We have thought it right to refuse to do so."

"And how many more, I wonder?"

"You are unjust, and unkind, Violet. So unjust and unkind that it is clear to me that he has just gratified your vanity, and has never touched your heart. What would you have had him do, when I told him that I was engaged?"

"I suppose that Mr. Kennedy would not have gone to Blankenberg with him."

"Violet!"

"That seems to be the proper thing to do. But even that does not adjust things finally — does it?" Then some one came upon them, and the conversation was brought to an end.

CHAPTER LXXII.

MADAME GOESLER'S GENEROSITY.

WHEN Phineas Finn left Mr. Gresham's house, he had quite resolved what he would do. On the next morning he would tell Lord Cantrip that his resignation was a necessity, and that he would take that nobleman's advice as to resigning at once, or waiting till the day on which Mr. Monk's Irish bill would be read for the second time.

"My dear Finn, I can only say that I deeply regret it," said Lord Cantrip.

"So do I. I regret to leave office, which I like — and which indeed I want. I regret specially to leave this office, as it has been a thorough pleasure to me; and I regret, above all, to leave you. But I am convinced that Monk is right, and I find it impossible not to support him."

"I wish that Mr. Monk was at Bath," said Lord Cantrip.

Phineas could only smile, and shrug his shoulders, and say that even though Mr. Monk were at Bath it would not probably make much difference. When he tendered his letter of resignation, Lord Cantrip begged him to withdraw it for a day or two. He would, he said, speak to Mr. Gresham. The debate on the second reading of Mr. Monk's bill would not take place till that day week, and the resignation would be in time if it was tendered before Phineas either spoke or voted against the Government. So Phineas went back to his room, and endeavored to make himself useful in some work appertaining to his favourite Colonies.

That conversation had taken place on a Friday, and on the following Sunday, early in the day, he left his rooms after a late breakfast — a prolonged breakfast, during which he had been studying tenant-right statistics, preparing his own speech, and endeavouring to look forward into the future which that speech was to do so much to influence — and turned his face toward Park Lane. There had been a certain un-

derstanding between him and Madame Goesler that he was to call in Park Lane on this Sunday morning, and then declare to her what was his final resolve as to the office which he held. "It is simply to bid her adieu," he said to himself, "for I shall hardly see her again." And yet, as he took off his morning easy coat, and dressed himself for the streets, and stood for a moment before his looking-glass, and saw that his gloves were fresh and that his boots were properly polished, I think there was a care about his person which he would have hardly taken had he been quite assured that he simply intended to say good-bye to the lady whom he was about to visit. But if there were any such conscious feeling, he administered to himself an antidote before he left the house. On returning to the sitting-room he went to a little desk from which he took out the letter from Mary which the reader has seen, and carefully perused every word of it. "She is the best of them all," he said to himself, as he refolded the letter and put it back into his desk. I am not sure that it is well that a man should have any large number from whom to select a best; as, in such circumstances, he is so very apt to change his judgment from hour to hour. The qualities which are the most attractive before dinner sometimes become the least so in the evening.

The morning was warm, and he took a cab. It would not do that he should speak even his last farewell to such a one as Madame Goesler with all the heat and dust of a long walk upon him. Having been so careful about his boots and gloves, he might as well use his care to the end. Madame Goesler was a very pretty woman, who spared herself no trouble in making herself as pretty as Nature would allow, on behalf of those whom she favoured with her smiles, and to such a lady some special attention was due by one who had received so many of her smiles as had Phineas. And he felt, too, that there was something special in this very visit. It was to be made by appointment, and there had come to be an understanding between them that Phineas should tell her on this occasion what was his resolution with reference to his future life. I think that he had been very wise in fortifying himself with a further glance at our dear Mary's letter, before he trusted himself within Madame Goesler's door.

Yes—Madame Goesler was at home. The door was opened by Madame Goesler's own maid, who, smiling, explained that the other servants were all at church.

Phineas had become sufficiently intimate at the cottage in Park Lane to be on friendly terms with Madame Goesler's own maid, and now made some little half-familiar remark as to the propriety of his visit during church time. "Madame will not refuse to see you, I am thinking," said the girl, who was a German. "And she is alone?" asked Phineas. "Alone? Yes—of course she is alone. Who should be with her now?" Then she took him up into the drawing-room; but, when there, he found that Madame Goesler was absent. "She shall be down directly," said the girl. "I shall tell her who is here, and she will come."

It was a very pretty room. It may almost be said that there could be no prettier room in all London. It looked out across certain small private gardens—which were as bright and gay as money could make them when brought into competition with London smoke—right on to the park. Outside and inside the window, flowers and green things were so arranged that the room itself almost looked as though it were a bower in a garden. And every thing in that bower was rich and rare; and there was nothing there which annoyed by its rarity or was distasteful by its richness. The seats, though they were costly as money could buy, were meant for sitting, and were comfortable as seats. There were books for reading, and the means of reading them. Two or three gems of English art were hung upon the walls, and could be seen backward and forward in the mirrors. And there were precious toys lying here and there about the room—toys very precious, but placed there not because of their price, but because of their beauty. Phineas already knew enough of the art of living to be aware that the woman who had made that room what it was, had charms to add a beauty to everything she touched. What would such a life as his want, if graced by such a companion—such a life as his might be, if the means which were hers were at his command? It would want one thing, he thought—the self-respect which he would lose if he were false to the girl who was trusting him with such sweet trust at home in Ireland.

In a very few minutes Madame Goesler was with him, and, though he did not think about it, he perceived that she was bright in her apparel, that her hair was as soft as care could make it, and that every charm belonging to her had been brought into use for his gratification. He almost told himself that he was there in order that he might ask to have all those charms be-

stowed upon himself. He did not know who had lately come to Park Lane and been a suppliant for the possession of those rich endowments; but I wonder whether they would have been more precious in his eyes had he known that they had so moved the heart of the great duke as to have induced him to lay his coronet at the lady's feet. I think that had he known that the lady had refused the coronet, that knowledge would have enhanced the value of the prize.

"I am so sorry to have kept you waiting," she said, as she gave him her hand. "I was an owl not to be ready for you when you told me that you would come."

"No—but a bird of paradise to come to me so sweetly, and at an hour when all the other birds refuse to show the feather of a single wing."

"And you—you feel like a naughty boy, do you not, in thus coming out on a Sunday morning?"

"Do you feel like a naughty girl?"

"Yes—just a little so. I do not know that I should care for every body to hear that I received visitors—or worse still, a visitor—at this hour on this day. But then it is so pleasant to feel one's self to be naughty! There is a Bohemian flavour of picnic about it which, though it does not come up to the rich gusto of real wickedness, makes one fancy that one is on the border of that delightful region in which there is none of the constraint of custom—where men and women say what they like, and do what they like."

"It is pleasant enough to be on the borders," said Phineas.

"That is just it. Of course decency, morality, and propriety, all made to suit the eye of the public, are the things which are really delightful. We all know that, and live accordingly—as well as we can. I do at least."

"And do not I, Madame Goesler?"

"I know nothing about that, Mr. Finn, and want to ask no questions. But if you do, I am sure you agree with me that you often envy the improper people—the Bohemians—the people who don't trouble themselves about keeping any laws except those for breaking which they would be put into nasty, unpleasant prisons. I envy them. Oh, how I envy them!"

"But you are as free as air."

"The most caged, cribbed, and confined creature in the world! I have been fighting my way up for the last four years, and have not allowed myself the liberty of one flirtation—not often even the recreation of a natural laugh. And now I shouldn't

wonder if I don't find myself falling back a year or two, just because I have allowed you to come and see me on a Sunday morning. When I told Lotta that you were coming, she shook her head at me in dismay. But now that you are here, tell me what you have done."

"Nothing as yet, Madame Goesler."

"I thought it was to have been settled on Friday."

"It was settled—before Friday. Indeed, as I look back at it all now, I can hardly tell when it was not settled. It is impossible, and has been impossible, that I should do otherwise. I still hold my place, Madame Goesler, but I have declared that I shall give it up before the debate comes on."

"It is quite fixed?"

"Quite fixed, my friend."

"And what next?" Madame Goesler, as she thus interrogated him, was leaning across toward him from the sofa on which she was placed, with both her elbows resting on a small table before her. We all know that look of true interest which the countenance of a real friend will bear when the welfare of his friend is in question. There are doubtless some who can assume it without feeling—as there are actors who can personate all the passions. But in ordinary life we think that we can trust such a face, and that we know the true look when we see it. Phineas, as he gazed into Madame Goesler's eyes, was sure that the lady opposite to him was not acting. She at least was anxious for his welfare, and was making his cares her own. "What next?" said she, repeating her words in a tone that was somewhat hurried.

"I do not know that there will be any next. As far as public life is concerned, there will be no next for me, Madame Goesler."

"That is out of the question," she said.

"You are made for public life."

"Then I shall be untrue to my making, I fear. But to speak plainly —"

"Yes; speak plainly. I want to understand the reality."

"The reality is this. I shall keep my seat to the end of the session, as I think I may be of use. After that I shall give it up."

"Resign that too?" she said in a tone of chagrin.

"The chances are, I think, that there will be another dissolution. If they hold their own against Mr. Monk's motion, then they will pass an Irish Reform Bill. After that I think they must dissolve."

"And you will not come forward again?"

"I can not afford it."

"Pshaw! some five hundred pounds or so!"

"And, besides that, I am well aware that my only chance at my old profession is to give up all idea of Parliament. The two things are not compatible for a beginner at the law. I know it now, and have bought my knowledge by a bitter experience."

"And where will you live?"

"In Dublin, probably."

"And you will do — will do what?"

"Any thing honest in a barrister's way that may be brought to me. I hope that I may never descend below that."

"You will stand up for all the blackguards, and try to make out that the thieves did not steal."

"It may be that that sort of work may come in my way."

"And you will wear a wig and try to look wise."

"The wig is not universal in Ireland, Madame Goesler."

"And you will wrangle, as though your very soul were in it, for somebody's twenty pounds?"

"Exactly."

"You have already made a name in the greatest senate in the world, and have governed other countries larger than your own."

"No — I have not done that. I have governed no country."

"I tell you, my friend, that you can not do it. It is out of the question. Men may move forward from little work to big work; but they can not move back and do little work, when they have had tasks which were really great. I tell you, Mr. Finn, that the House of Parliament is the place for you to work in. It is the only place — that and the abodes of ministers. Am not I your friend who tell you this?"

"I know that you are my friend."

"And will you not credit me when I tell you this? What do you fear that you should run away? You have no wife — no children. What is the coming misfortune that you dread?" She paused a moment as though for an answer, and he felt now had come the time in which it would be well that he should tell her of his own engagement with his own Mary. She had received him very playfully; but now within the last few minutes there had come upon her a seriousness of gesture, and almost a solemnity of tone, which made him conscious that he should in no way trifle with her. She was so earnest in her friendship that he owed it to her to tell her every

thing. But before he could think of the words in which his tale should be told, she had gone on with her quick questions. "It is solely about money that you fear?" she said.

"It is simply that I have no income on which to live."

"Have I not offered you money?"

"But, Madame Goesler, you who offer it would yourself despise me if I took it."

"No — I do deny it." As she said this — not loudly, but with much emphasis — she came and stood before him where he was sitting. And as he looked at her he could perceive that there was a strength about her of which he had not been aware. She was stronger, larger, and more robust physically than he had hitherto conceived. "I do deny it," she said. "Money is neither god nor devil, that it should make one noble and another vile. It is an accident, and if honestly possessed, may pass from you to me, or from me to you, without a stain. You may take my dinner from me if I gave it you, my flowers, my friendship, my — my — my everything, but my money! Explain to me the cause of the phenomenon. If I give to you a thousand pounds, now this moment, and you take it, you are base. But if I leave it you in my will — and die — you take it, and are not base. Explain to me the cause of that."

"You have not said it quite all," said Phineas hoarsely.

"What have I left unsaid? If I have left any thing unsaid, do you say the rest."

"It is because you are a woman, and young, and beautiful, that no man may take wealth from your hands."

"Oh, it is that!"

"It is that partly."

"If I were a man you might take it, though I were young and beautiful as the morning?"

"No — presents of money are always bad. They stain and load the spirit and break the heart."

"And specially when given by a woman's hand?"

"It seems so to me. But I can not argue of it. Do not let us talk of it any more."

"Nor can I argue. I cannot argue, but I can be generous — very generous. I can deny myself for my friend — can even lower myself in my own esteem for my friend. I can do more than a man can do for a friend. You will not take money from my hand?"

"No, Madame Goesler, — I cannot do that."

"Take the hand then first. When it and all that it holds are your own, you can help

yourself as you list." So saying, she stood before him with her right hand stretched out toward him.

What man will say that he would not have been tempted? Or what woman will declare that such temptation should have had no force? The very air of the room in which she dwelt was sweet in his nostrils, and there hovered around her a halo of grace and beauty which greeted all his senses. She invited him to join his lot to hers, in order that she might give to him all that was needed to make his life rich and glorious. How would the Ratlers and the Bonteens envy him when they heard of the prize which had become his! The Cantrips and the Greshams would feel that he was a friend doubly valuable, if he could be won back; and Mr. Monk would greet him as a fitting ally—an ally strong with the strength which he had before wanted. With whom would he not be equal? Whom need he fear? Who would not praise him? The story of his poor Mary would be known only in a small village, out beyond the Channel. The temptation certainly was very strong.

But he had not a moment in which to doubt. She was standing there with her face turned from him, but with her hand still stretched toward him. Of course he took it. What man so placed could do other than take a woman's hand?

"My friend," he said.

"I will be called friend by you no more," she said. "You must call me Marie, your own Marie, or you must never call me by any name again. Which shall it be, sir?" He paused a moment, holding her hand, and she let it lie there for an instant while she listened. But still she did not look at him. "Speak to me! Tell me! Which shall it be?" Still he paused. "Speak to me. Tell me," she said again.

"It cannot be as you have hinted to me," he said at last. His words did not come louder than a low whisper; but they were plainly heard, and instantly the hand was withdrawn.

"Cannot be!" she exclaimed. "Then I have betrayed myself."

"No—Madame Goesler."

"Sir, I say yes. If you will allow me, I will leave you. You will, I know, excuse me if I am abrupt to you." Then she strode out of the room, and was no more seen of the eyes of Phineas Finn.

He never afterward knew how he escaped out of that room and found his way into Park Lane. In after days he had some memory that he remained there, he knew not how long, standing on the very spot on which she had left him; and that at last there grew upon him almost a fear of moving, a dread lest he should be heard, an inordinate desire to escape without the sound of a footfall, without the clicking of a lock. Everything in that house had been offered to him. He had refused it all, and then felt that of all human beings under the sun none had so little right to be standing there as he. His very presence in that drawing-room was an insult to the woman whom he had driven from it.

But at length he was in the street, and had found his way across Piccadilly into the Green Park. Then, as soon as he could find a spot apart from the Sunday world, he threw himself upon the turf, and tried to fix his thoughts upon the thing that he had done. His first feeling, I think, was one of pure and unmixed disappointment—of disappointment so bitter, that even the vision of his own Mary did not tend to comfort him. How great might have been his success, and how terrible was his failure! Had he taken the woman's hand and her money, had he clenched his grasp on the great prize offered to him, his misery would have been ten times worse the first moment that he would have been away from her. Then, indeed—it being so that he was a man with a heart within his breast—there would have been no comfort for him, in his outlook on any side. But even now, when he had done right, knowing well that he had done right—he found that comfort did not come readily within his reach.

It would be comparatively much less difficult to invent a plausible account of the meaning and purpose of this world if it were only inhabited by human beings. But the existence of animals complicates the question hugely. It would be well if we could believe with Descartes, that animals were mere phantasms, and had no real existence. But who can look at that bull-dog,

and consider him to be a phantasm? Observe how intelligently he looks up at the sound of his name, and expresses a wish to contradict this vain theory, observing that Descartes was only a Frenchman; or, taking it another way, that French poodle dogs might possibly be phantasms, but English bull-dogs certainly not.

Author of *Friends in Council*.

From The Spectator.
ENGLAND'S MESSAGE TO IRELAND.

We trust the country will not allow itself, in its admiration of Mr. Gladstone's speech on the Irish Church, to forget the moral grandeur of the occasion on which it was delivered. The night of the 1st March, 1869, ought to mark, we believe, will mark, an epoch in the relation between England and Ireland. For the first time in the history of that long connection, now six-hundred years old, — twice as long as the connection between England and Scotland, three centuries older than the unity of the "Spains," — the elder and stronger partner has frankly recognized the moral qualities of the younger and feebler, has acknowledged that his sympathies and instincts, as well as his legal rights, should be reckoned among the bases for the action of the firm. Once, and once only in those six centuries, in the vote for the relief of Famine, has England in her treatment of Ireland risen above justice; and of all the forms of human sympathy, almsgiving is the one which retains least of its grace, and which, therefore, excites least sympathy in return. We gave our millions ungrudgingly, but it was as the rich give to the poor, with no sigh of regret, but yet with a half-suppressed contempt that the gift should be required. Catholic Emancipation was avowedly conceded only because the alternative was civil war, and the nation and their king to the last admitted that the alternative would have pleased them best. Peel's greatest administrative measure, the Encumbered Estates' Act, cost England nothing in feeling or in cash, and did but add one more to those material benefits, those stones in apology for bread, which our people, so just and yet so unsympathetic, are always so ready to bestow. Never once in that long connection, which will one day be the despair of the philosopher, that marvellous association of centuries during which no Irishman has ever loved England or betrayed her, ever pronounced her good or shrunk from her sharpest service, ever believed in her liberality or refused her wages, has England passed a measure for Ireland out of affection, or gratitude, or even that kindly courtesy which is so pleasant a substitute for friendship. The little marks of equality in position, of kindly esteem, of friendliness which grants without thinking of concession, showered upon Scotland, — that cordial waiver, for instance, in her case of any attempt at Imperial uniformity in laws, habits, and even national insignia like the soldiers' clothes — have been coldly refused to Ireland; and while the nation-

al dress of one Celtic race is honoured alike in the field and the palace, the national colour of the other dooms its wearer to penal servitude. We have said that we were just, and perhaps we have intended to be so, but where throughout our laws, is a concession to Catholic ideas like the concession to Presbyterian ideas involved in our recognition of Scotch marriages? where in our social habits is there an insult to Scotland like the one every newspaper offers in its advertisements to Ireland? where, in our whole language, is there an expression equivalent to the "kindly Scot?" An overweening individualism, a rooted belief that we are better and wiser and more gifted than our partners, and that our responsibility in governing is not to them, but to God for them, as it is for the Hindoos, has marked every step of our action even the wisest, even the noblest, even the most self-sacrificing.

But it is over at last. For the first time, the British people, repressing prejudices which seemed almost part of its being, and sympathies arising from its whole history, unmoved by any pecuniary interest and unfrightened by any immediate danger, in the teeth of censures from the National Church, and in the face of the whole landlord class, has elected a Government in order to carry out the measure which, except as a measure of sympathetic justice to the Irish people, it has no special reason to desire. For the first time a strong Cabinet has staked its existence on a proposal which can bring it nothing except the hearts of the Irish people. A great Minister, himself an intense Churchman, himself filled with the idea of the economic sacredness of property, himself perhaps of all men alive the least Irish, — for Mr. Gladstone's genius, like his blood, is essentially Scotch — has, to win Irish loyalty, bestowed on a Bill for her benefit alone the labour and the intellect he would have bestowed on a campaign, though half the Churchmen of England tell him his measure will recoil on the Church he loves, and though all its landlords feel that it threatens the economic laws he has so rigidly maintained. That power of repressing their own instincts, that habit of defying hostile forces, that vast capacity of detailed labour which English Ministers have so often displayed for the interests of the Empire, have all at last been shown for the benefit of Ireland. Had the Kingdom been the Empire, had the Irish vote been unanimous and been final, had the existence of Government been at stake, no higher effort could have been made than Mr. Gladstone, and the House

of Commons, and the nation itself have made to prepare a measure which, but for Irish feeling, would have been either superfluous or unwise. The labour of love has been performed as thoroughly as a hundred labours of hate, and the penal laws were not more perfectly drawn, more searching, more far-reaching than the measure which sweeps the last relic of them away. The entire power of the British Government, that most irresistible of political forces, which for centuries has so uniformly crushed the opposition of Ireland, has at last been strained in her behalf, strained not to make her quieter, or richer, or more civilized — though incidentally it may do those things also — but to win her affection, to assure her equality, to convince her once for all that England can sympathize not only with her interests, but with her prejudices and her pride. And this has been done not easily, or carelessly, or without suffering, but at the price of sacrifices. It is no painless operation for a people intensely Protestant to declare that henceforth Protestantism shall in Ireland have no advantage even of social standing, no trifle for the Liberal party to forego, for years it may be, the support of the National Church, no light matter for Mr. Gladstone to acknowledge that the convictions of half a life have been unfounded. And yet it has been done, done thoroughly, done cordially, as work which pleased the doers. That change of spirit is real, and is the change which will make the 1st of March such a landmark in our history.

We say boldly it "will" make it, though we neither desire nor expect immediate or obvious gratitude from Ireland. Why should she be so grateful for not being insulted, or injured or treated as a prize of war, or even for receiving a first instalment of the justice so long defiantly refused? But, with Mr. Gladstone, we heartily refuse to believe in a race of one-legged men, — in a race without reverence for justice, or capacity of gratitude, or affection ready to respond to love, or, to put the matter within British grasp, without perception, when all causes for heartburning have ceased, of its own interest. Did any of our readers ever think what sort of a compensation we make to Ireland for the loss of her independence, of what the appointment of Lord Mayo to the Indian Viceroyalty means, of what Ireland would be to Irishmen without our imperial careers, without our army, our colonies, our place in Europe and the world? Upon this matter at least we have been just as between country and country, for if we have refused service to the Catholic of

Connaught, we have refused it also to the Catholic of Lancashire; if since a Catholic Admiral beat back the Catholic Armada, we have robbed every Catholic of his natural chance of a career, we have at least plundered him without reference to his nationality. A Weld of Lulworth, English as the Ashburnhams, has had no better chance than an O'Donoghue or O'Neil; apart from creed no man has thrown an Irishman's nationality in his teeth; and the two men best rewarded in our time, rewarded, if anything above their claims, have both been Irishmen. Who objects on the ground of birthplace when a bâton falls to the most distinctively Irish of Generals, or the Indian throne to a man who boasts in the House of a pedigree almost unmixedly Milesian? So enormous is this advantage, so completely does it outweigh every material disability, that were Ireland free to-morrow, the fact once realized that Irishmen were foreigners in the Empire would almost suffice to re-cement the Union; and what must be the depth of the bitterness, the extent of the irritation, the permanence of the distrust, which renders Irishmen willing to forget all this so utterly that it is as if it had no existence. The material advantages of the Union are without an exception on the side of Ireland, and if the "sentimental" disadvantages are one by one swept away, if her honour and her creed and economic ideas are respected as those of Scotland have been and those of Great Britain always are, it is to those material advantages that her regards must turn, and there, at least, we have nothing to repent of or extenuate. Ireland is Catholic? Celtic? rebel? So were the French of Lower Canada when they descended into the field, and now, when all sentimental grievances have been redressed; when their Church has been secured, and their social system guaranteed, and all disabilities even of opinion, swept away, what is England's difficulty with the French Canadians but this, that they love England too much to set up for themselves. We ask any decent man not stupid with prejudice to tell us what the difference is between the Catholic Irishmen who recently left the criminal dock exulting because they had to suffer for "ould Ireland," and Sir Etienne Cartier, the Celtic Catholic rebel counsellor of Her Majesty, or assign one intelligible reason why the treatment which made of him, Papineau's *ci-devant* lieutenant, a fanatic upholder of the Empire, should make of an O'Kelly a bitter foe? It will not be so, though if it were, our duty would none the less be plain and pressing. So surely as we redress

the "sentimental" wrongs of Irishmen, so surely as we acknowledge in word and deed that they are our equals, entitled to respect even in their idiosyncrasies, to tolerance even in their prejudices, to argument even in their errors, so surely shall we find that they are willing on those terms to be our comrades — nay, that they have always in the worst hours been — our cordial friends in every task which lies before the at last United Empire. What that friendship is worth to us as a people we shall not attempt to describe, for this is not the moment to tell how bitterly our Saxon people need the aid the Celt alone can bring, the genius and the dash, the light-heartedness and the imagination of the Irishman: but we may use one material and unanswerable argument. We are now but twenty millions, for of our nominal thirty, the Milesian five neutralize by their discontent the strength of at least five more. When Ireland is reconciled, we shall be thirty millions.

From The Spectator.

MISS MARTINEAU'S BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.*

It is quite impossible, within the limits of a single article in this journal, to say all that we should like to say of the delightful volume. We must accordingly content ourselves with putting down a few observations as to the general merits revealed in Miss Martineau's biographical sketches, and singling out one or two of her portraits for special comment, which, however, must in the main, prove for commendation.

Miss Martineau has furnished us in the compass of fewer than 500 pages with representations of forty-six more or less distinguished or noteworthy personages, who have recently passed from the stage of visible human life. Nine or ten pages are all the space which she affords to any of her delineations, and yet she never fails to leave with the reader a singularly distinct impression of the character, the surroundings and the work of the subject of her presentment.

In the first place, we are struck, as, indeed, we were prepared to be, with the range of Miss Martineau's sympathies. George Combe and Bishop Bloomfield, Robert Owen and Archbishop Whately, Mrs. Jameson and Lady Noel Byron, David Roberts and the Emperor Nicholas, Mrs.

Wordsworth and Thomas De Quincey, "plain John Campbell" and "Christopher North," not to mention other names, have all their rightful place of appreciation in her picture-gallery. Then the knowledge of the authoress is seldom, if ever, at fault. She is as equally at home with the happy circumstances of Lockhart's early intimacy with Walter Scott, as with those of the Wordsworths at Rydal Mount, or with the political events in the long career of Lord Palmerston. Again, the sense of justice makes itself felt in every one of her essays. Or, at all events, if we were to make any exceptions, it would be in these two instances: — She seems a little too severe on Mrs. Jameson, and rather exaggerates the influence of Lady Byron on the world at large — in the latter case imputing to a wider outer circle feelings which only existed within a comparatively limited one. Finally, the artistic ability with which the authoress combines a careful analysis of character, with just so much thread of narrative as is necessary to render a given sketch intelligible and lifelike, and with telling anecdotes which at once illuminate the idiosyncrasy of the person depicted and also the wit or humour of the biographer, is of a kind highly admirable.

Miss Martineau arranges her *Essays* under six divisions, which are the "Royal," "Politicians," "Professional," "Scientific," "Social," and "Literary." Beginning the first list with the Emperor of Russia, she closes it with the late Duchess of Kent. To the mother of the Queen she dedicates a paper, which is altogether charming, — full of womanly grace and geniality. Indeed, each of Miss Martineau's representations is so thoroughly a *caught* reflection of the individual subject of her pen-and-ink art, that the perusal of her sketches has been to us like a study of the portraits of one of our ablest artists — we mean especially those of the late Thomas Phillips. The heads of Phillips are all "objective," if you like the word. He saw the object, and could paint it. And in reading Miss Martineau's volume, the same sense of truth and reality has been awakened within us as we experienced, lately, in surveying in succession the masterpieces of Phillips, such as his smug Dissenting parson, the fine old country gentleman, redolent of high breeding, a copious cellar, and broad acres, side by side with the polished bishop, the fiery Hetman Platoff, and the marvellous face of Lord Byron, in which last the whole complex character of the man is rendered for those who can read it. To return to the essay last named, Miss Martineau tells us in it the following char-

* *Biographical Sketches.* By Harriet Martineau. London: Macmillan. 1869.

acteristic story of the young Princess Victoria:—

"It became known at Tunbridge Wells that the Princess had been unable to buy a box at a bazaar, because she had spent all her money. At this bazaar she had bought presents for almost all her relations, and had laid out her last shilling, when she remembered one cousin more, and saw a box, priced half-a-crown, which would suit him. The shop people of course placed the box with the other purchases, but the little lady's governess admonished them by saying, 'No, you see the Princess has not got the money, and, therefore, of course she cannot buy the box.' This being perceived, the next offer was to lay by the box till it could be purchased; and the answer was, 'Oh, well, if you will be so good as to do that,' and the thing was done. On quarter-day, before seven in the morning, the Princess appeared on her donkey to claim her purchase. Anecdotes like these, apparently small, have large meanings; and in such traits people saw promise of the rectitude and elevated economy which have made the mother of our Royal family respected by the people whose need and convenience she has so admirably respected."

The first sketch is entitled the last birthday of the Emperor Nicholas, and there is something almost prophetic in its character. For though on the day in question, July 6th, 1854, Nicholas was broken in health, and stooped as if burdened with the weight of old age, yet he was only in his fifty-ninth year, and to the world at large he was still the most prominent and responsible actor in the Crimean drama. When, accordingly, eight months later, the tidings reached England that the Emperor had passed away, we can most of us recall the sensation which spread over the country, and with what bated breath men spoke under the sudden overshadowing of the wings of the Angel of Death. On Sunday, the 4th of March, 1855, there was scarcely a pulpit in which reference was not made to the startling event which had occurred in the previous week; and history was eagerly ransacked by many reverend speakers for a parallel instance of the unlooked-for intervention of the Divine Providence in the fortunes of a great campaign. Tamerlane, Alaric, Attila, Sennacherib were not altogether injudiciously brought forward to point the moral on the occasion,—so suddenly had each one of these warriors been summoned by the Sovereign Will from the command of their armies and the visions of their ambition. But Miss Martineau writes in the previous year as if a brain-wave of the coming end of Nicholas had already reached her consciousness, assuring her that the days of the haughty

autocrat were numbered. And if her language is prophetic, it is not less remarkable for its pathos and power. There is not perhaps in the whole volume a passage so striking as that in which she depicts the Russian Emperor "sitting among the wreck of his idols" on that birth-day which proved to be his last. We must make room for a portion of it:—

"Hated by his nobles; liked only by an ignorant peasantry who can give him no aid, and receive no good from him; drawn on by his own passions to sacrifice them in hecatombs, while they fix their eyes on him as their only hope; tricked by his servants all over the Empire; disappointed in his army and its officers; afraid to leave his capital, because it would be laid waste as soon as his back was turned; cursed in all directions for the debts of his nobles, the bankruptcy of trade, and the hunger of his people; conscious of the reprobation of England and France, whose reprobation could be no indifferent matter to Lucifer himself; finding himself out in his count about Austria, and about everybody but his despised brothers of Prussia and (as an after-thought) Naples; and actually humbled before the Turk, — what a position for a man whose birthday once seemed to be an event in the Calendar of the Universe! Be it remembered the while that he is broken in health and heart. . . . He trembles with weakness because he cannot take sufficient food. The eagle glance has become wolfish. The proud calm of his fine face has given way to an expression of anxiety and trouble. Let him be pitied then, and with kindness. He is, perhaps, the greatest sufferer in Europe, and let him be regarded accordingly. But, as we need not say, he is totally unfit for the management of human destinies."

Among the politicians of whom Miss Martineau has thought it well to write there is one name which was but little known to the general world — that of Lord Murray. But we cannot doubt that this Edinburgh celebrity will, for a short time, be a somewhat interesting subject of discourse in literary circles. Lord Murray, a Scottish judge, and the son of a Scottish judge, was in his early days associated with the light-hearted and audacious young men who, through the medium of the *Edinburgh*, bearded old Toryism in its den. In due course Murray became Lord Advocate, and while he held the office, his tea-table at St. Stephens's, "with an enormous and excessively rich Edinburgh cake in the centre" (was it not canonical Scotch bun, we wonder?) was a very popular board of gay and witty conference. There was to be seen no end of celebrities, including, of course, Sydney Smith, when in town. Then, in Mr. Murray's country-house on Loch Fyne, the hospitalities of

host and hostess, to use Chaucer's phrase when writing of the Franklin's open table, quite "snowed" all sorts of good things upon the guests. Doubtless Lord Murray was a sufficient and companionable host, an honest Liberal, and wholly respectable individual; but as Miss Martineau is careful to note, the goodly fellowship of the *Edinburgh* reviewers did not turn out one great statesman. With the exception of Lord Brougham, they said, and did not. Murray himself settled down into a mere steady promoter of Whig elections, and rumours used to be current in the northern metropolis of his mild enjoyment of a good snooze on the bench, with this special addition in one instance, that Lord Cockburn gently whispered to him, "Murray, dinna snore sae loud, or ye'll wauken Cunningham."

Miss Martineau writes in an altogether righteous tone of Murray's more distinguished brother reviewer, Lord Brougham; but we had occasion so very recently to give expression to our own estimate of the erratic nobleman, it would be rather superfluous to say more about him now; only the concluding paragraph of Miss Martineau is much too piquant to be omitted;—

"Lord Brougham was at his château at Cannes when the first introduction of the daguerreotype process took place there; and an accomplished neighbour proposed to take a view of the château, with a group of guests in the balcony. The artist explained the necessity of perfect immobility; he only asked that his lordship would keep perfectly still 'for five seconds,' and his lordship vehemently promised that he would not stir. He moved about too soon, however, and the consequence was a blur where Lord Brougham should be; and so stands the daguerreotype to this hour. There is something mournfully typical in this. In the picture of our century, as taken from the life by history, this very man should have been a central figure; but now, owing to his want of steadfastness, there will for ever be a blur where Brougham should be."

Did our space permit, we would gladly add to our selections from Miss Martineau's 'Recreations,' as her essays might appropriately be designated, and give our readers some account of the rare workmanship which is to be met with in the articles on Whately and Bloomfield, Miss Berry and Samuel Rogers, whose united ages nearly make out a couple of centuries; George Combe and Robert Owen, Mrs. Opie and Mrs. Wordsworth, John Gibson Lockhart and Lord Macaulay, Thomas de Quincey and John Wilson Croker; nor should we forget the one on good Father Matthew.

Miss Martineau is singularly candid in all

she writes concerning Owen, Combe, and Father Matthew. To the worth of their respective characters she is keenly alive, as to the benevolence of all their intentions and systems; but she is equally bold in asserting of the three that their endeavours after the amelioration of human society must needs fail, because of their imperfect views of the needs and deeper aspirations of the Human Being, whose welfare they all had so much at heart. Vows, mechanical associations, enlarged acquaintance with the structure of the animal portion of our nature, and of the laws which rule over its health will not cast out the demons which possess society. No; the culture of the higher faculties of man will alone lead to that hoped-for consummation, and, as we believe, that culture is only to be gained in the school of Christ.

We most reluctantly come to a conclusion, but ere doing so would specially call the attention of our readers to Miss Martineau's *In Memoriam* of Christopher North. It is altogether beyond praise of ours, and is written at once with the finest discrimination, and with a generous enthusiasm which makes us feel that the heart of our essayist is still young.

From The Spectator.

MR. BROWNING'S NEW POEM.*

THERE can be no doubt but that in a certain sense the alloy which Mr. Browning told us in his prologue was necessary to shape the pure gold of the ring into such a tempered, though fragile, circlet as would be fit for use, has been successfully manipulated. We have at last

"The rondure brave, the lillied loveliness
Gold as it was, is, shall be evermore,
Prime nature with an added artistry,"

—in the exquisite and, we dare assert, immortal portraits of the dove-like yet indomitable Pompilia, and the gallant priestly knight-errant Caponsacchi, in their sharp contrast to the glaring, wolfish eyes of Count Guido's face,—

"Hawknose and yellowness and bush and all;"

—with, above them all, the grand figure of the old Pope Innocent XII. sitting in judgment,—a "grey ultimate decrepitude," as he calls himself,

* *The Ring and the Book.* By Robert Browning. In 4 vols. Vols. III. and IV. London: Smith, Elder, and Co. 1869.

"Yet sensible of fires that more and more
Visit a soul in passage to the sky
Left nakeder than when flesh-robe was new."

These four figures, of Pompilia and Caponsacchi, in their tragic conflict with Count Guido, of Guido himself, and the old Pope of eighty-six tottering on the verge of the grave, but fearing the grave and the repute he will leave behind him so little, and God so much, are both sculptured and painted for us, as only a master in imaginative art can sculpture and paint; and we do not doubt that some part of the full effect may be due to that alloy which Mr. Browning warned us that he was compelled to use for the purpose of his moulding, and which he certainly has used somewhat prodigally. We do not dispute that had the contending views of Pompilia's murder taken by "Half Rome," and "the other Half Rome," and by that "Tertium Quid" whose tertiary quality we found it hard to guess, — and finally, the opposite pleadings of the counsel for the defence, Dominus Hyacinthus de Archangeli, and the still dismaler counsel for the prosecution, Juris Doctor Johannes-Baptista Bottinius, — we do not dispute, we say, that had the contending views of these secondary authorities, who "darken counsel by words without knowledge," not been heard, the impression made upon us by the principals in the story, by the yellow wolfishness of Guido's malice, by the ethereal depth of blue in Pompilia's clinging but saintly love, by the bright intensity of flame in Caponsacchi's indignation, by the keen, spiritual truthfulness of the old Pope's discriminating judgment, might have been much less sharp and vivid than it is. Doubtless the foil of unreality has added something to the clear and telling expressiveness of reality. Doubtless the groping, uncertain fancy-pictures of the facts by those who talked of what they knew not, have done something to quicken our appreciation of the drawing where every stroke tells and a figure grows out so lifelike and characteristic from the background that it confutes and dissipates at once all the misty shapes which the vague surmises of others have attempted to pass off. We may admit even more. We may concede that the conditions of society under which this great crime, Mr. Browning's theme, took place, would scarcely have been so completely pictured without the hollow pleadings of the Roman lawyers on each side, the guzzling, punning old buffoon who defends Guido, and the watery-eyed, conventional, petty, and spiteful formalist who pleads for Pompilia. Doubtless these two portraits

add something towards the completeness and vividness of the picture of the society in which this tragedy occurred, — just as the outline of the red-tape town-clerk of Ephesus adds a certain vividness to our apprehension of the character of St. Paul. Still we are compelled, after studying and reviewing carefully the whole course of this tragic story, to think that the alloy has been too freely used for the purposes of Mr. Browning's art. In a story told, like this, in long semi-dramatic reaches, where the reader is closeted, as it were, with each character for a couple of hours at a stretch, there is far less room for the use of an artistic foil, than in a proper drama, where the action and reaction of the secondary characters on the principals are rapid and effective. Polonius is a splendid foil to Hamlet, but we could hardly endure to let Polonius hold us mentally by the button for an hour and a half or two hours, even though Shakespeare himself developed his character for us during that period. We think that what Mr. Browning saw to be necessary for us in the way of putting in the background of Roman and Tuscan society, he might have very well done in his prologue, and that if he had kept the substance of the poem itself to the two discourses of the murderer, Count Guido, — that outburst of lean and crafty malignity before his condemnation, and of hoarse and naked hatred after it, — to the splendid address of Caponsacchi, the dying tale of the childlike mother Pompilia, — and the final judgment and musings of the old Pope upon the case, he would have given us a poem very nearly as effective in its features, even to those who studied it, as the present, and with a certainty, moreover, of having, at least, five times as many eager and interested students. Without disputing at all the marvellous cleverness of old Arcangeli's legal Latin and selfish epicurism, we must confess that we found his buffoonery very hard reading indeed, — while Bottini's hollow and emptier conventionalism was well nigh inducing us to skip him outright. That we might have missed something in the finer effects of the whole, had we done so, we are ready to admit. All poetry probably needs the dull prose detail of life as a background to bring out its full meaning and force; still, even the greatest poets dare not embody too much of this in their poems, and Mr. Browning seems to us to have endangered the fame of a noble poem, — the dramatic masterpiece of this great writer, — by giving us one-half of alloy to one-half of the highest imaginative painting. Of course, we do not mean that in

the views of "Half Rome," and "the other Half Rome," of the "Tertium Quid," of Arcangeli, and of Bottini, there is not a large share of Mr. Browning's peculiar genius. Still, we believe that the group for the sake of which he wrote his poem would be complete without these interpolations, and that without them the poem would have commanded both a wider and a more unflagging interest.

With this qualification, it is not easy for us to express too highly our admiration for the four great full-length portraits we have now before us. Of Count Guido we have partly spoken in reviewing the second volume of this poem, and of the noble figure of the Canon Caponsacchi we then said sufficient to fix upon it the attention of our readers. But in these two last volumes we have Pompilia the victim of the crime, and the old Pope, its final judge, in a most impressive and living portraiture. We doubt if Mr. Browning's poem will be perpetuated by any of his intellectual studies so long. Pompilia is a figure at once of the most original and simplest school of art. It has something of the loveliness of Raffaello's *Madonna della Saggia* about it, but with more both of the child and of the saint. Her husband, a murderer, calls her the "pale poison my basty hunger took for food," and speaks of her as like one of the favourite figures of Fra Angelico,

"Who traces you some timid chalky ghost
That turns the church into a charnel. Ay,
Just such a pencil might depict my wife."

But that of course is the libel of the malignant and greedy man who can value nothing without a spice of wickedness in it, nothing that is not willing and even anxious to take a taint in his foul service. But the Pope understands her thoroughly. He makes it her special praise that having been "obedient to the end," "dutiful to the foolish parent first," "submissive next to the bad husband," she could, nevertheless,—

"Rise from law to law,
The old to the new, promoted at one cry
O' the trump of God to the new service, not
To longer bear, but henceforth fight,—be found
Sublime in new impatience with the foe;
Endure man and obey God; plant firm foot
On neck of man, tread man into the hell
Meet for him, and obey God all the more."

There is alacrity, even valour, at the bottom of Pompilia, in spite of what her husband calls the "timid chalky ghost" in her; she can seize his sword and point it at his breast when his cruelty and malignity pass all bounds; and even he feels this. Mr.

Browning, in the most dramatic passage in his whole great poem, makes Guido, when at last the procession enters his cell to lead him away to execution, call out in his last agony of terror:—

"Abate,—Cardinal,—Christ,—Maria,—
God. . . .
Pompilia! will you let them murder me?"

—Pompilia standing at the very climax of his thought of everything Godlike, in spite of the fury of his hate. To her, dead, he appeals as to a power almost beyond God's, to save him. And yet with this high valour at the bottom of her, no more simple "woman-child," as the old Pope finely calls her, was ever painted than Pompilia,—simple alike in her religious maternal love for the boy to whom she gave birth just a fortnight before her own murder, and in the confession of the pure depth and intensity of her devotion to the young priest who saved her from her husband, and for whose purity of soul she fights as for her own. The Pope speaks of her as of a wayside flower that

"Breaks all into blaze,
Spreads itself, one wide glory of desire
To incorporate the whole great sun it loves,
From the inch-height whence it looks and
longs."

And all these feelings are exquisitely painted in her last account of the tragedy she just survived. How fine and tender is this description of Caponsacchi's care and sympathy for her during the flight from her husband:—

"Is all told? There's the journey: and where's time

To tell you how that heart burst out in shine?
Yet certain points do press on me too hard.
Each place must have a name, though I forget:
How strange it was—there where the plain
begins

And the small river mitigates its flow—
When eve was fading fast, and my soul sank,
And he divined what surge of bitterness,
In overtaking me, would float me back
Whence I was carried by the striding day—
So,—'This grey place was famous once,' said
he—

And he began that legend of the place
As if in answer to the unspoken fear,
And told me all about a brave man dead,
Which lifted me and let my soul go on!
How did he know too,—at that town's approach

By the rock-side,—that in coming near the
signs,
Of life, the house-roofs and the church and
tower,

I saw the old boundary and wall o' the world
Rise plain as ever round me, hard and cold,

As if the broken circlet joined again,
Tightened itself about me with no break, —
As if the town would turn Arezzo's self, —
The husband there, — the friends my enemies,
All ranged against me, not an avenue
I try, but would be blocked and drive me back
On him, — this other . . . oh the heart in that!
Did not he find, bring, put into my arms
A new-born babe? — and I saw faces beam
Of the young mother proud to teach me joy,
And gossips round expecting my surprise
At the sudden hole through earth that lets in
heaven.

I could believe himself by his strong will
Had woven around me what I thought the
world

We went along in, every circumstance,
Towns, flowers and faces, all things helped so
well!

For, through the journey, was it natural
Such comfort should arise from first to last?
As I look back, all is one milky way;
Still bettered more, the more remembered, so
Do new stars bud while I but search for old,
And fill all gaps in the glory, and grow him. —
Him I now see make the shine everywhere."

How exquisitely natural that suggestion of
hers, that she could almost believe that the
young priest's "strong will" had *created*
for her the whole world and its every cir-
cumstance in which she journeyed from Ar-
ezzo till overtaken by her husband at the
last stage to Rome; that she was travelling
not in the broad every-day world that
thwarts, and terrifies, and wearies, but in a
world governed by the subjective law of his
tenderly adjusting mind. And then look
how finely the religious passion of the moth-
er's heart is expressed: —

"I never realized God's birth before —
How he grew likest God in being born.
This time I felt like Mary, had my babe
Lying a little on my breast like hers."

And this, again, for the spiritual perfec-
tion of maternal love is scarcely equalled in
all our language: —

"Even for my babe, my boy, there's safety
thence —

From the sudden death of me, I mean: we
poor

Weak souls, how we endeavour to be strong!
I was already using up my life, —
This portion, now, should do him such a good,
This other go to keep off such an ill!
The great life; see, a breath and it is gone!
So is detached, so lift all by itself
The little life, the fact which means so much.
Shall not God stoop the kindlier to His work,
His marvel of creation, foot would crush,
Now that the hand He trusted to receive
And hold it, lets the treasure fall perforce?
The better; He shall have in orphanage
His own way all the clearer: if my babe

Outlive the hour — and he has lived two weeks —
It is through God who knows I am not by.
Who is it makes the soft gold hair turn black,
And sets the tongue, might lie so long at rest,
Trying to talk? Let us leave God alone!
Why should I doubt He will explain in time
What I feel now, but fail to find the words?"

Taken as a whole, the figure of Pompilia
seems to us a master-piece of delicate power.
Passionate tenderness with equally passion-
ate purity, submissiveness to calamity with
strenuousness against evil, the trustfulness
of a child with the suffering of a martyr,
childishness of intellect with the visionary
insight of a saint, all tinged with the ineffa-
bly soft colouring of an Italian heaven,
breathe in every touch and stroke of this
great picture.

The old Pope affords, perhaps, a fresher
kind of subject, but one much easier, we
should suppose, for Mr. Browning to draw.
It is a very fine figure. There is in it all
the mark of venerable age, except any fail-
ure of intellectual power. The flashes of
intellectual and spiritual light are of the
thin, bright, Boreal kind. The Pope, Inno-
cent XII., as Mr. Browning draws him, is
at least, no believer in the dogma which it is
supposed that the Council of 1869 is to
promulgate, on Papal infallibility. This is
the gallant old man's tone in deliberating
whether he shall or shall not dare condemn
the aristocratic murderer to his rightful
fate: —

"Yet my poor spark had for its source, the sun
Thither I sent the great looks which compel
Light from its fount: all that I do and am
Comes from the truth, or seen or else surmised,
Remembered or divined, as mere man may:
I know just so, nor otherwise. As I know,
I speak, — what should I know, then, and how
speak

Were there a wild mistake of eye or brain
In the recorded governance above?

If my own breath, only, blew coal alight
I called celestial and the morning star?
I, who in this world act resolutely,
Dispose of men, the body and the soul.
As they acknowledge or gainsay this light
I show them, — shall I too lack courage? —
leave

I, too, the post of me, like those I blame?
Refuse, with kindred inconsistency,
Grapple with danger whereby souls grow
strong?

I am near the end; but still not at the end;
All till the very end is trial in life:
At this stage is the trial of my soul
Danger to face, or danger to refuse?
Shall I dare try the doubt now, or not dare?"

Still more striking and finer is the old
Pope's interpretation of the sense in which

the "weak things of this world" shall confound the mighty." It is the apparent *weakness*, he says, in a faith which appeals to the help and brings forth the love of man, till he finds at last that it was in its weakness that its strength consisted, in its imploring appeal to the heart that the marvellous power lay which *could* not have lain hid in the fiat of almighty strength:—

"What but the weakness in a faith supplies
The incentive to humanity, no strength
Absolute, irresistible, comports?
How can man love but what he yearns to
help?
And that which men think weakness within
strength,
But angels know for strength and stronger
yet—
What were it else but the first things made
new,
But repetition of the miracle,
The divine instance of self-sacrifice
That never ends and aye begins for man?"

Of a piece with this suggestion is the old Pope's fine presage that the power of Christ can only be restored through an approaching age of doubt, which shall shake the towers of the Church till they tremble, and dissipate the formal and conventional monotony of orthodoxy,—

"Till man stand out again, pale, resolute,
Prepared to die,—that is, alive at last.
As we broke up that old faith of the world,
Have we, next age, to break up this the new—
Faith, in the thing, grown faith in the report—
Whence need to bravely disbelieve report
Through increased faith in thing reports be-
lie?"

The picture of the courageous old man's slight hesitation in the discharge of his terrible duty,—of the deep questions as to the truths whereon he and his office rest which that hesitation stirs,—of the plumbing of the most difficult problems of philosophy and faith as his mind travels round the intellectual horizon of his lonely eminence, of the gratitude with which he fixes his glance on Pompilia's spiritual loveliness as the one blossom "vouchsafed unworthy me, ten years a gardener of the untoward ground," of the anxious and doubtful admiration with which he notes Caponsacchi's impulsive nobleness, and of the half-anxiety and half-trust with which he observes the signs of moral decomposition—omens for those who are to come after him,—all is drawn so as to leave an indelible impression on any moderately sensitive imagination.

As a work of art, we think Mr. Browning's poem imperfect. As we have noticed before, the truth of the picture is too entirely on one side to render the numerous pleadings on so many sides at all subservient to the result. Nearly half might, we think, have been omitted, not without the loss of marvellous work of its kind, but with great gain to the popularity of what remained. Still there is nothing in all his former works that will stay imprinted so indelibly on our minds as the four great figures of Guido, Pompilia, Caponsacchi, and Innocent.

A System of Physical Education. By Archibald MacLaren. (Clarendon Press Series.)—Mr. MacLaren, who stands first among the professors of the Gymnastic Art, gives us in this volume his theory, with the arguments and proofs on which it rests, and a practical system of exercises, with the necessary rules and instructions. It is of the former only of these two divisions of his treatise that we can express any opinion, and we may say at once that we have read it with very great pleasure and profit. "It is *health*," he says, rather than *strength*, that is the great requirement of modern men at modern occupations. "This is the right note to strike; *gymnastics*, as distinguished from *athletics*, are a part of education which we probably lose vastly by neglecting. Mr. MacLaren points out a fact which will probably be new to many readers, but which will at once commend itself as evidently true,—that our common games and exercises fail to have a proper influence on the growth of the whole body, that the lower limbs

get the chief development, and next to them the right arm; and that consequently in nearly every case, even of healthy persons, the upper part of the body fails to reach its due proportions. This seems to be true even of rowing and 'fives,' of which one would not naturally have supposed it. Again, Mr. MacLaren tells us, as a matter of course, that he can tell from the conformation of a man's chest whether he has been rowing stroke or bow side of his college boat. Some of his experiences of the action of *gymnastics* in correcting irregular growth and promoting development are very curious. One of them was that twelve non-commissioned officers, varying from nineteen to twenty-nine years of age, and of every variety of size, were so enlarged by the system of exercises through which he took them that before four months were finished several of them could not get into their uniforms. The former part of the book is so very sensible, that we can readily believe that the latter part will be very useful.

Spectator.

THE APPRENTICES' LIBRARY OF PHILADELPHIA. — The Apprentices' Library is lodged in an old historic building at the corner of Fifth and (now called) Arch streets, in the north wall of which is set a marble slab bearing this quaint legend :

BY GENERAL SUBSCRIPTION

FOR THE
FREE QUAKERS.
ERECTED IN THE YEAR
OF OUR LORD 1783
OF THE EMPIRE 8.

The founders of the building were originally members of the Society of Friends, from which they became separated by taking part in the war of the Revolution. When the war was ended, they formed a religious society, and erected the present library building for a meeting-house. There they assembled after the manner of their sect, but Time, gently covering old wrongs and bitternesses, obliterated their misdeeds against the Spirit of Peace, and either they or their children were taken back at last into the old beloved fold, and then the building fell into disuse, and afterward into the possession of the library. But the galleries where the ministers and elders sat, and the massive benches for the rest of these grim, old fighting Quakers, are still preserved with very loving care.

Lippincott's Magazine.

I WISH I could persuade men of science and men who have peculiar gifts of investigation and examination, that it would be most desirable for them, and a worthy employment of their gifts, to examine what, for want of a better term, we may call spiritual phenomena. Let them remember, that to dispel error may be nearly as important as to ascertain truth. Then, let them recollect, that almost all great discoveries have been accompanied by a great deal of quackery and imposture. Let them think how much these investigations might tend to promote medical science. Let them reflect how important a thing it is to investigate the value of testimony. Let them further reflect what a world of mystery we live in. Now look at the powers of memory. It is not too much to say, that if the records of memory, even of a peasant, were written out in full, the weight alone of the ink would probably be greater than the weight of the brain that remembers. After this, can they say that any process of the human mind is astonishing? There are numbers of statements, apparently well authenticated, in which it appears that the last thoughts and wishes of a dying person have had great influence over relatives and friends, divided from these dying persons by large distances of land and sea. Let us carefully record and examine into all these statements. It would be an unutterable comfort to many minds to have it well ascertained that there was any influence after death of one mind upon another.

But I do not rest my case upon these high metaphysical grounds. I rest it upon three other grounds. First, that, in investigating these so-called spiritual phenomena, we should ascertain more about the laws of evidence; secondly, that we should ascertain whether there are any powers, forces, or influences, of which we are at present not aware, that have their place in the creation; and, thirdly, whether disease brings into operation faculties of hearing, eyesight, or imagination, of which we have at present no adequate conception, medically, morally, metaphysically, or scientifically. These questions demand the most careful investigation from our best weighers of evidence, and from our most accomplished scientific men.

Author of Friends in Council.

Poems and Ballads. By Janet Hamilton. (Maclehose, Glasgow.) — These poems certainly rise above the average of occasional verses, both as to melody and as to expression. A peculiar interest is given to them by the circumstances of the author, a woman of the peasant class, who did not seriously begin to compose till she was considerably past her fiftieth year, and who had then to acquire the accomplishment of writing. She had, however, managed to acquire a considerable amount of culture by reading. Her English poems show the traces of this, and though not positively imitations, have not much that is characteristic about them. When she writes in Scotch she becomes much more vigorous and original. Dr. Wallace prefixes to the poems an interesting and unaffected account of a visit to the author; Dr. George Gilfillan, of Dundee, supplies the essays on her writings, which might very well have been spared. Why cannot we be allowed to read a book like this, without being told "that the dungeon or the hovel is a fitter atmosphere for the higher order of imagination than the library of the British Museum," and "that Courts rarely rear a great poet or thinker"? Surely there is something between courts and dungeons, and genius cries, like the wise man, "Give me neither poverty nor riches." Spectator.

I AM lost in astonishment when I contemplate the "questions," as they are called which are debated by the different religious parties, and respecting which they become furious. Vestments, intonings, processions, altar-cloths, rood-screens, and genuflections, are made to be matters of the utmost importance; and all the while the really great questions are in abeyance. It reminds me of children playing at marbles on the slopes of a volcano, which has already given sure signs of an approaching eruption.

Author of Friends in Council.